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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Tales of a Grandfather; being Stories from the History of Scotland. 3 vols. 18mo. Edinburgh, 1828, Cadell and Co.; London, Simpkin and Marshall; Dublin, Cumming.

This collection of Tales is simply and truly a series of historical events abridged from the Scottish annals, and told in an easy manner, suited to the capacity of children of from five to ten years of age. It is good humouredly inscribed to Hugh Littlejohn, Esq., the son of Mr. Lockhart, and grandson of the distinguished author, who has thus condescended to employ a few of his leisure hours, and a portion of his unrivalled talents, in constructing these humble edifices for the entertainment and instruction of the rising generation.

A work of this class requires no critical comment. There is nothing in it indeed which might not have been achieved by any far less eminent hand. The selection of circumstances is judicious, and the mode of telling the stories at once appropriate, pleasing, and useful. The reflections offered on particular occasions, though not very often, are well calculated to impress beneficial truths on youthful minds; and altogether a fitter publication wherewith to grace a juvenile library is not to be found in the wide circle of books which it is now so prevailing a fashion to provide for that class of readers.

In the first volume there are seven stories, and three chapters on the early state of England and Scotland, on the government of the latter country, and on the feudal system: the stories relate to Macbeth, Wallace, Bruce, and Douglas and Randolph. The second little tome has eleven divisions, which are taken from the history from the death of Bruce to the fatal battle of Flodden and death of James IV. The third has only nine chapters, and embraces a like number of remarkable epochs, to the period when James VI. ascended the English throne. Sir Walter Scott has not thought it expedient to dive into any of the questionable or dark points which perplex Scottish historians: the most obvious and striking features have, on the contrary, supplied his materials. It cannot, therefore, be expected that any great novelty should mark these volumes; and we shall sufficiently discharge our duty towards them by citing a few passages by way of example, and choosing such as seem to possess the chief interest.

In the life of the valiant Robert the Bruce, the following occurs:—

"It was probably about this time that an incident took place, which, although it rests only on tradition in the families of the name of Bruce, is rendered probable by the manners of the times. After receiving the last unpleasant intelligence from Scotland, Bruce was lying one morning on his wretched bed, and deliberating with himself whether he had not better resign all thoughts of again attempting to make good his right to the Scottish crown, and, dismissing his followers, transport

himself and his brothers to the Holy Land, and spend the rest of his life in fighting against the Saracens; by which he thought, perhaps, he might deserve the forgiveness of Heaven for the great sin of stabbing Comyn in the church at Dumfries. But then, on the other hand, he thought it would be both criminal and cowardly to give up his attempts to restore freedom to Scotland, while there yet remained the least chance of his being successful in an undertaking, which, rightly considered, was much more his duty than to drive the infidels out of Palestine, though the superstition of his age might think otherwise. While he was divided betwixt these reflections, and doubtful of what he should do, Bruce was looking upward to the roof of the cabin in which he lay, and his eye was attracted by a spider, which, hanging at the end of a long thread of his own spinning, was endeavouring, as is the fashion of that creature, to swing himself from one beam in the roof to another, for the purpose of fixing the line on which he meant to stretch his web. The insect made the attempt again and again without success; and at length Bruce counted that it had tried to carry its point six times, and been as often unable to do so. It came into his head that he had himself fought just six battles against the English and their allies, and that the poor persevering spider was exactly in the same situation with himself, having made as many trials, and been as often disappointed in what it aimed at. 'Now,' thought Bruce, 'as I have no means of knowing what is best to be done, I will be guided by the luck which shall attend this spider. If the insect shall make another effort to fix its thread, and shall be successful, I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland; but if the spider shall fail, I will go to the wars in Palestine, and never return to my native country again.' While Bruce was forming this resolution, the spider made another exertion with all the force it could muster, and fairly succeeded in fastening its thread on the beam which it had so often in vain attempted to reach. Bruce seeing the success of the spider, resolved to try his own fortune; and as he never before gained a victory, so he never afterwards sustained any considerable check or defeat. I have often met with people of the name of Bruce, so completely persuaded of the truth of this story, that they would not on any account kill a spider, because it was such an insect which had shewn the example of perseverance, and given a signal of good luck, to their great namesake."

Among the brave and sometimes ferocious feats of Douglas and Randolph, it is related that the castle of Lord James Douglas being occupied by an English garrison, and a faithful old servant of his, named Thomas Dickson, slain by them, he determined on revenge.

"Douglas and his men presently after forced their way into the church. The English soldiers attempted to defend themselves, but being taken by surprise and unprepared, they were, for the greater part, killed or made prisoners,

and that so suddenly, and with so little noise that their companions in the castle never heard of it. So that when Douglas and his men approached the castle gate, they found it open, and that part of the garrison which were left at home, busied cooking provisions for those that were at church. So Lord James got possession of his own castle without difficulty, and he and his men ate up all the good dinner which the English had made ready. But Douglas dared not stay there, lest the English should come in great force and besiege him; and therefore he resolved to destroy all the provisions which the English had stored up in the castle, and to render the place unsavailing to them. It must be owned he executed this purpose in a very cruel and shocking manner, for he was much enraged at the death of Thomas Dickson. He caused all the barrels containing flour, meal, wheat, and malt, to be knocked in pieces, and their contents mixed on the floor; then he staved the great hogheads of wine and ale, and mixed the liquor with the stores; and last of all, he killed his prisoners, and flung the dead bodies among this disgusting heap, which his men called, in derision of the English, the Douglas Larder. Then he flung dead horses into the well to destroy it—after which he set fire to the castle; and finally marched away, and took refuge with his followers in the hills and forests. 'He loved better,' he said, 'to hear the lark sing, than the mouse squeak.' That is, he loved better to keep in the open field with his men, than to shut himself and them up in castles. When Clifford, the English general, heard what had happened, he came to Douglas Castle with a great body of men, and rebuilt all the defences which Lord James had destroyed, and cleared out the well, and put a good soldier named Thirlwall to command the garrison, and desired him to be on his guard, for he suspected that Lord James would again attack him. And, indeed, Douglas, who did not like to see the English in his father's castle, was resolved to take the first opportunity of destroying this garrison, as he had done the former. For this purpose he had recourse to stratagem. He laid a part of his followers in ambush in the wood, and sent fourteen men, disguised like countrymen, driving cattle past the gates of the castle. As soon as Thirlwall saw this he swore that he would plunder the Scots drovers of their cattle, and came out, with a considerable part of his garrison, for that purpose. He had followed the cattle past the place where Douglas was lying concealed, when all of a sudden the Scotsmen threw off their carriers' cloaks, and appearing in armour, cried the cry of Douglas, and, turning back suddenly, ran to meet the pursuers; and before Thirlwall could make any defence, he heard the same war-cry behind him, and saw Douglas coming up with those Scots who had been lying in ambush. Thirlwall himself was killed, fighting bravely in the middle of his enemies, and only a very few of his men found their way back to the castle. When Lord James had thus slain two English com-

manders or governors of his castle, and was known to have made a vow that he would be revenged on any one who should dare to take possession of his father's house, men became afraid; and it was called, both in England and Scotland, the Perilous Castle of Douglas, because it was so dangerous to any Englishman who was stationed there. Now, in those warlike times, Master Littlejohn, you must know, that the ladies would not marry any man who was not very brave and valiant; so that a coward, let him be ever so rich or high-born, was held in universal contempt. And thus it was the fashion for the ladies to demand proofs of the courage of their lovers, and for those knights who desired to please the ladies, to try some extraordinary deed of arms, to shew their bravery and deserve their favour. At the time we speak of, there was a young lady in England whom many knights and noblemen asked in marriage, because she was extremely wealthy, and very beautiful. Once upon a holiday she made a great feast, to which she asked all her lovers, and numerous other gallant knights; and after the feast she arose, and told them that she was much obliged to them for their good opinion of her, but as she desired to have for her husband a man of the most incontestable courage, she had formed her resolution not to marry any one, save him who should defend the Castle of Douglas against the Scots for a year and a day. Now this made some silence among the gentlemen present; for although the lady was rich and beautiful, yet there was great danger in placing themselves within the reach of the Good Lord James of Douglas. At last a brave young knight started up and said, that for the love of that lady he was willing to keep the Perilous Castle for a year and a day, if the king pleased to give him leave. The King of England was satisfied, and well pleased to get a brave man to hold a place so dangerous. Sir John Wilton was the name of this gallant knight. He kept the castle very safely for some time; but Douglas at last, by a stratagem, induced him to venture out with a party of the garrison, and then set upon them and slew them. Sir John Wilton himself was killed, and a letter from the lady was found in his pocket. Douglas was sorry for his unhappy end, and did not put to death any of the prisoners as he had formerly done, but dismissed them in safety to the next English garrison."

The readers of the *Literary Gazette* are aware that, about six or seven years ago, the body of King Robert Bruce was exhumed at Dunfermline—of this Sir Walter Scott has the annexed notice. The men digging, after finding fragments of a marble tomb, at length "came to the skeleton of a tall man, and they knew it must be that of King Robert, both because he is known to have been buried in a winding sheet of cloth of gold, of which many fragments were found about this skeleton, and also because the breast bone appeared to have been sawed through, in order to take out the heart. So orders were sent from the King's Court of Exchequer to guard the bones carefully, until a new tomb should be prepared, into which they were laid with great respect. A great many gentlemen and ladies attended, and almost all the common people in the neighbourhood. And as the church would not hold the numbers, they were allowed to pass through it, one after another, that each one, the poorest as well as the richest, might see all that remained of the great King Robert Bruce, who restored the Scottish monarchy. Many people shed tears; for there was the wasted skull, which once was the head that thought so

wisely and boldly for his country's deliverance; and there was the dry bone, which had once been the sturdy arm that killed Sir Henry de Bohun, between the two armies, at a single blow, on the evening before the battle of Bannockburn. It is more than five hundred years since the body of Bruce was first laid into the tomb; and how many many millions of men have died since that time, whose bones could not be recognised, or their names known, any more than those of inferior animals! It was a great thing to see that the wisdom, courage, and patriotism of a king could preserve him for such a long time in the memory of the people over whom he once reigned. But then, my dear child, you must remember, that it is only desirable to be remembered for praiseworthy and patriotic actions, such as those of Robert Bruce. It would be better for a prince to be forgotten like the meanest peasant, than to be recollected for actions of tyranny or oppression."

About the end of the fourteenth century, we have a remarkable sketch of the rude manners of these times—(reign of Robert III.)

"The disturbances of the Highlands were one of the plagues of his reign. You must recollect that that extensive range of mountains was inhabited by a race of men different in language and manners from the Lowlanders, and divided into families called clans. The English termed them the wild Scots, and the French the Scottish savages; and, in good truth, very wild and savage they seem to have been. The losses which the Low Country had sustained by the English wars had weakened the counties next to the Highlands so much, that they became unable to repress the incursions of the mountaineers, who descended from their hills, took spoil, burned and destroyed, as if in the country of an enemy. In 1392, a large body of these Highlanders broke down from the Grampian mountains. The chiefs were called Clan Donnochy, or sons of Duncan, answering to the clan now called Robertson. A party of the Ogilvies and Lindsays, under Sir Walter Ogilvy, sheriff of Angus, marched hastily against them, and charged them with their lances. But notwithstanding the advantage of their being mounted and completely sheathed in armour, the Highlanders defended themselves with such ferocity, as to slay the sheriff and sixty of his followers, and repulse the Lowland gentlemen. To give some idea of their ferocity, it is told that Sir David Lindsay, having in the first encounter run his lance through the body of one of the Highlanders, bore him down and pinned him to the earth. In this condition, and in his dying agonies, the Highlander writhed himself upwards on the spear, and exerted his last strength in fetching a sweeping blow at the armed knight with his two-handed sword. The stroke, made with all the last energies of a dying man, cut through Lindsay's stirrup and steel-boot, and though it did not sever his leg from his body, yet wounded him so severely as to oblige him to quit the field. It happened, fortunately perhaps for the Lowlanders, that the wild Highlanders were as much addicted to quarrel with each other as with their neighbours. Two clans, or rather two leagues or confederacies, composed each of several separate clans, fell into such deadly feud with each other, as filled the whole neighbourhood with slaughter and discord. When this feud or quarrel could be no otherwise ended, it was resolved the difference should be decided by a combat of thirty men of the Clan Chattan, against the same number of the Clan Kay; that the battle

should take place on the North Inch of Perth, a beautiful and level meadow, in part surrounded by the river Tay; and that it should be fought in presence of the king and his nobles. Now there was a cruel policy in this arrangement; for it was to be supposed that all the best and leading men of each clan would desire to be among the thirty which were to fight for their honour; and it was no less to be expected that the battle would be very bloody and desperate. Thus, the probable event would be, that both clans having lost very many of their best and bravest men, would be more easily managed in future. Such was probably the view of the king and his counsellors in permitting this desperate conflict, which, however, was much in the spirit of the times. The parties on each side were drawn out, armed with sword and target, axe and dagger, and stood looking on each other with fierce and savage aspects, when, just as the signal for fight was expected, the commander of the Clan Chattan perceived that one of his men, whose heart had failed him, had deserted his standard. There was no time to seek another man from the clan—so the chieftain, as his only resource, was obliged to offer a reward to any one who would fight in the room of the fugitive. Perhaps you think it might be difficult to get a man, who, for a small hire, would undergo the perils of a battle which was likely to be so obstinate and deadly. But in that fighting age, men valued their lives lightly. One Henry Wynd, a citizen of Perth, and a saddler by trade, a little handy-legged man, but of great strength and activity, and well accustomed to use the broadsword, offered himself, for half a French crown, to serve on the part of the Clan Chattan in the battle of that day. The signal was then given by sound of the royal trumpets, and of the great war bagpipes of the Highlanders, and the two parties fell on each other with the utmost fury, their natural ferocity of temper being excited by feudal hatred against the hostile clan—zeal for the honour of their own, and a consciousness that they were fighting in presence of the king and nobles of Scotland. As they fought with the two-handed sword and axe, the wounds they inflicted on each other were of a ghastly size and character. Heads were cloven asunder, limbs were lopped from the trunk. The meadow was soon flooded with blood, and covered with dead and wounded men. In the midst of the deadly conflict, the chieftain of the Clan Chattan observed that Henry Wynd, after he had slain one of the Clan Kay, drew aside, and did not seem willing to fight more. 'How is this?' said he; 'art thou afraid?' 'Not I,' answered Henry; 'but I have done enough of work for half-a-crown.' 'Forward and fight,' said the Highlander chief; 'he that doth not grudge his day's work, I will not stint him in his wages.' Thus encouraged, Henry Wynd again plunged into the conflict; and, by his excellence as a swordsman, contributed a great deal to the victory, which at length fell to the Clan Chattan. Ten of the victors, with Henry Wynd, whom the Highlanders called the *Gow Chrom*, (that is, the crooked or bandy-legged smith, though he was a saddler, for war saddles were then made of steel,) were left alive, but they were all wounded. Only one of the Clan Kay survived, and he was unhurt. But this single individual dared not oppose himself to eleven men, though all more or less hurt; but throwing himself into the Tay, swam to the other side, and went off to carry to the Highlands the news of his clan's defeat. It is said, he was so ill received by his kinsmen that he put himself to death.

Some part of the above story is matter of tradition; but the general fact is certain. Henry Wynd was rewarded to the Highland chieftain's best abilities; but it was remarked, that, when the battle was over, he was not able to tell the name of the clan he fought for, replying, when asked on which side he had been, that he was fighting for his own hand. Hence the proverb, 'Every man for his own hand, as Harry Wynd fought.'

We reserve a short concluding extract till next week.

Herbert Lacy. By the Author of *Granby*. 3 vols. London, 1828. H. Colburn.

THE novels of the present day may be divided into four classes: historical, a union of truth and fiction, in which Sir Walter Scott only has succeeded; Scotch; Irish; and fashionable life, for which latter, a few titles, a few gleanings of anecdote, and an impertinent introduction of real characters under feigned names, have been ample materials. The volumes before us belong to none of these classes,—they relate to present times; and though their scenes are laid in the higher classes of society, and evidently drawn by one who knows well what he describes, yet they are without one touch of ill-natured apopositeness. This is a novel, however, better calculated for the reader than the reviewer; it is one that claims unqualified praise, yet one whose praise it is difficult to make good by such extracts as our limits permit. The story is one of great interest, the characters admirably drawn, and kept up to the last; while the language is more than commonly elegant. Perhaps the sketch of Sir William Lacy and his lady will at least shew our author's skill in portraiture.

"At Lacy Park, a fine old place, situated in one of the midland counties of England, about thirty miles from the residence of Lord Appleby, lived Sir William Lacy, a baronet of the honourable creation of 1611, of ancient family, and ample fortune. At the period at which our tale commences, he was 'somewhat inclining to threescore,' and in addition to the above-mentioned external advantages, was blessed with good health, a wife who seldom thwarted him, a promising son of about four and twenty, and a daughter one year older, who was happily married to the only son of a late friend and neighbour. He also enjoyed the most perfect independence, was not burdened either with parliamentary duties, or the thankless office of a justice of the peace; had few calls upon his attention from the affairs of others, and had a steward, in whom he placed such reliance, as to feel himself bound to bestow very little upon his own. If leisure, therefore, he mainly conducive to a life of happiness, Sir William Lacy may be fairly presumed to have attained it: for no one probably had his time more thoroughly at his own disposal, or pursued with greater regularity his even tenor of self-indulgence. He was a man of good abilities, but great indolence, an indolence which, though comparatively little apparent during the volatile period of youth, or even in the vigour of mature manhood, had acquired a visible influence during his later years. His very virtues savoured of it: they were all passive. He was good humoured, purely because it was too much trouble to be vexed; and though he had but little active generosity, and never volunteered a gift, he seldom resisted even an unreasonable request. He had a considerable fund of native humour; and though he never exerted himself to shine in conversation, his remarks were generally pointed and amusing. He had drawn

copious stores from books, and was, at the same time, a shrewd observer of passing events, and the conduct and character of others. He had never been a man of pleasure, nor had he any thing in common with that class, except a thorough hatred of business. His habits were literary; that is to say, he was one of those who amuse themselves in skimming the ever-varying surface of literature, in glancing over new publications, and calling entertaining trifles from the pages of reviews and magazines. The productions of his pen were short and various. Divers of his poetical *jeux d'esprit* were dispersed in albums. He had written one article in a magazine now defunct; and had addressed a letter to Sylvanus Urban, describing a live toad that was found in a stone quarry on his estate. He had begun many political pamphlets; but always either the time went by, or he changed his opinion, or grew tired of the subject before he had finished it. These pursuits amused, and in some degree occupied him; and at any rate, they 'cheated him into a belief, that if his body was supine, his mind, at least, was active. When young, Sir William mixed much with the world, and seemed fond of society; but since his marriage, finding, probably, that the hospitalities of life entailed upon him greater exertion than during the unshackled period of his celibacy, or that time had deprived society of its zest, he became a stout supporter of seclusion, discontinued from time to time the expected calls and invitations which civility demanded towards his neighbours, till friend after friend dropped off, and he found himself, at the expiration of twenty years, in the centre of a large and hospitable neighbourhood, almost in a state of solitude. Meanwhile, there was one passion which, though generally of too turbulent a nature to be the companion of indolence, had attained a rapid growth, and been fostered by this very seclusion. This passion was pride. Mixing little with his equals and superiors, and communing chiefly with his own mind, or with his inferiors in age, talent, or station, what wonder if he became inflated with a high sense of his own importance? Mortifications also reached him. He could not but be sensible that the world which he had long neglected had in return neglected him. He endeavoured to feel the proud contempt of injured merit, to think how much happier he was in himself, than the vain pleasures of society could make him, and to 'dash the world aside, and bid it pass.' But these efforts were generally fruitless. Often, of late, would he sigh for civilities which he had once denounced as troublesome, and long to resume that station, which, when once lost, was not easily regained. Besides, he felt that the first step must now be made by him, and this step he scorned to take; and pride rivetted those chains which indolence had first imposed. Thus, though naturally a good-natured, easy, cheerful man, he became testy and irascible, tenderly suspicious of neglect and insult, and ready to trace in the most innocent conduct of his neighbours a disposition to affront him.—Lady Lacy as a well-disposed woman, of weak judgment and strong prejudices. Her chief defect was a love of petty mystery, through which she frequently magnified trifles, and sometimes produced misunderstandings, which she had not the ability to repair. She was an excessive wonderer at nothings; and though with scarce sufficient discernment to protect her from the most obvious snare, thought herself shrewd and politic, and could generally discover deep and hidden motives for the simplest actions."

We need not recommend this novel,—the memory of *Granby* will do that; but we must state our opinion that it is a great improvement on its predecessor.

De Lisle; or, the Distrustful Man. 12mo. 3 vols. London, 1828. Edward Bull.

If we can judge from internal evidence, we should say this is the production of a clever but inexperienced writer. The character of *De Lisle* is originally well conceived, but inadequately wrought up: the story, too, is at first interesting, but too much spun out; and another great fault is the introduction of so many characters that the attention is quite distracted. There are, however, many clever scenes: the opening one is a fair specimen.

"Well, but hear me, Hubert," said Lady De Lisle, in her most conciliating accent; "only hear what I have to say, before you decide on this sudden journey." "The journey is not sudden, madam," said her son, with a look and manner that seemed to defy alike persuasion or argument. "I always told you I should spend two years, previous to my coming of age, in travelling: I was nineteen last month, and so have no time to lose." "As you please, sir," said Lady De Lisle, and turned from him with an air of haughty displeasure. At the door she stopped; and her son, half smiling to see how soon she relented, almost started at the cold, determined tone in which she added, "Do not be deceived by others, Hubert, or strive to deceive yourself. I will not reward those who thwart me, or think of those who think but of themselves. My son you must be,—my heir you need not be!" and with this threat, often before implied, but never so explicitly mentioned, Lady De Lisle left her headstrong boy to his own reflections. They were none of the most exhilarating. Young De Lisle had no idea of giving up his plan, for when had he ever given up what he had said he would do? Yet he began to hate it very cordially. It had become irksome to him before this contest with his mother, and he could not help thinking it was very great folly to risk losing a splendid income merely for the pleasure of getting the better of her. Then returned the recollection of his former reasons. His father, Sir Francis, a cheerful, hospitable, pleasing man in society, had, from a certain facility of temper, love of ease, and mental cowardice, long been quoted as the tamest of husbands and most inefficient of masters. His lady's will was law. She began with infinite art, for she was a cunning, though not a clever woman, and veiled her encroachments on her husband's prerogative beneath so many specious coverings, that the poor man found himself entirely fettered and subjugated before he discovered her drift. Time did but rivet chains more firmly he had wanted resolution to throw off at first; and the earliest days of Hubert were full of reminiscences of his father's slavery, and his earliest resolutions were against such a system ever extending to himself. Lady De Lisle, in order to establish her influence with her son, was at great pains to impress him with ideas of her own consequence. It answered in part; Hubert thought there was no family pedigree like his, no house so splendid, no country so salubrious. He had besides a high opinion of his mother's talents: he admired her manners, and even her beauty for she was in the prime of life. Nay, though he himself despised his father, he had no idea any one else could be so impertinent, and never would have pardoned a word spoken in derision of him. There is often in early youth, when all the feelings are unbiassed and new—a quick-

ness of perception that stands in lieu of reflection and calculation. Thus, all De Lisle's companions felt by intuition that such a topic was to be avoided with him. They stopped not to inquire whether it was guarded by pride, or made sacred by affection; it was enough for them that it must not be touched. In lonely uncommunicated feeling passed the first nineteen years of Hubert's life. To escape from the Egyptian bondage in which his father was held, was his thought by day, and his dream by night. It seemed ungracious always to oppose a mother, who not only caressed but courted him; yet scarcely did he ever accede to her slightest wish, without fearing that some advantage would be taken of it greater than at the moment was discernible to any but Lady De Lisle herself. Hubert, by nature frank, generous, and highly gifted, might, under other auspices, have become an amiable and happy man. As it was, he was neither. But his parents saw few faults in their only child, and of course none in their mode of educating him. Had he not been sent to the best schools? and when at home had he been denied any thing? It is true, he did not in that respect try their patience much; for he was moderate in his wishes; and could he but go his own way unquestioned, and throw his pocket-money to the right and the left, without having to account for it, he gave no trouble, and got into no scrapes. Besides, his masters applauded his diligence—his equals loved his social qualities—his dependants bore testimony to his gentleness and patience. Hearing his praises every where, Sir Francis and Lady De Lisle strove not to see that at home he was cold and unbending, engrossed with any thing but what occupied them, and betraying at times, when thrown off his guard, the most unqualified contempt for every living thing. The worthy baronet was chilled and astonished; but his wife merely observed, that young persons were usually proud of their talents, and eager to shew them in the easiest possible way, general sarcasm. 'When Hubert,' she would say, 'makes the discovery that every fool can find fault, he will change his tone.'

We must repeat our opinion, that the pages are at once too wire-drawn and too crowded: still there is very often considerable talent displayed; and, altogether, we think the writer is of promise. The history of Madame Lausanne is one of painful interest.

Fairy Mythology. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1827. Ainsworth.

THERE is a great deal of curious information in these volumes; and the natural leaning of the human mind to supernatural belief was never more evident than in tracing the almost universal credence given to fairies, dwarfs, &c. But our limits do not permit us to enter into the details; and perhaps one of the short tales will better suit us.

The Wonderful Plough.

"There was once a farmer who was master of one of the little black ones, that are the blacksmiths and armorer's; and he got him in a very curious way. On the road leading to this farmer's ground, there stood a stone cross, and every morning as he went to his work he used to stop and kneel down before this cross, and pray for some minutes. On one of these occasions he noticed on the cross a pretty bright insect, of such a brilliant hue that he could not recollect having ever before seen the like with an insect. He wondered greatly at this, yet still he did not disturb it; but the

insect did not remain long quiet, but ran without heaving backwards and forwards on the cross, as if it was in pain and wanted to get away. Next morning the farmer again saw the very same insect, and again it was running to and fro in the same state of uneasiness. The farmer began now to have some suspicions about it, and thought to himself, 'Would this now be one of the little black enchanters? For certain, all is not right with that insect; it runs about just like one that had an evil conscience, as one that would, yet cannot, go away;' and a variety of thoughts and conjectures passed through his mind; and he called to mind what he had often heard from his father, and other old people, that when the underground people chance to touch any thing holy, they are held fast and cannot quit the spot, and are therefore extremely careful to avoid all such things. But he also thought it may as well be something else; and you would perhaps be committing a sin in disturbing and taking away the little animal; so he let it stay as it was. But when he had found it twice more in the same place, and still running about with the same marks of uneasiness, he said, 'No, it is not all right with it. So now, in the name of God!' and he made a grasp at the insect, that resisted and clung fast to the stone; but he held it tight, and tore it away by main force, and lo! then he found he had, by the top of the head, a little ugly black chap, about six inches long, screeching and kicking at a most furious rate. The farmer was greatly astounded at this sudden transformation; still he held his prize fast, and kept calling to him, while he administered to him a few smart slaps on the buttocks: 'Be quiet, be quiet, my little man! if crying was to do the business, we might look for heroes in swaddling clothes. We'll just take you with us a bit, and see what you are good for.' The little fellow trembled and shook in every limb, and then began to whimper most piteously, and to beg hard of the farmer to let him go. But 'No, my lad,' replied the farmer, 'I will not let you go till you tell me who you are, and how you came here, and what trade you know, that enables you to earn your bread in the world.' At this the little man grinned and shook his head, but said not a word in reply, only begged and prayed the more to get loose; and the farmer found that he must now begin to entreat him if he would coax any information out of him. But it was all to no purpose. He then adopted the contrary method, and whipped and slashed him till the blood ran down, but just to as little purpose; the little black thing remained as dumb as the grave, for this species is the most malicious and obstinate of all the underground race. The farmer now got angry, and he said, 'Do but be quiet, my child; I should be a fool to put myself into a passion with such a little brat. Never fear, I shall soon make you tame enough.' So saying, he ran home with him, and clapped him into a black, sooty, iron pot, and put the iron lid upon it, and laid on the top of the lid a great heavy stone, and set the pot in a dark cold room, and as he was going out he said to him, 'Stay there, now, and freeze till you are black! I'll engage that at last you will answer me civilly.' Twice a-week the farmer went regularly into the room and asked his little black captive if he would answer him now; but the little one still obstinately persisted in his silence. The farmer had now, without success, pursued this course for six weeks, at the end of which time his prisoner at last gave up. One day as the farmer was opening the room

door, he, of his own accord, called out to him to come and take him out of his dirty smelly dungeon, promising that he would now cheerfully do all that was wanted of him. The farmer first ordered him to give him his history. The black one replied, 'My dear friend, you know it just as well as I, or else you never had had me here. You see I happened by chance to come too near the cross, a thing we little people may not do, and there I was held fast, and obliged instantly to let my body become visible; so, then, that people might not recognise me, I turned myself into an insect. But you found me out. For when we get fastened to holy or consecrated things, we never can get away from them unless a man takes us off. That, however, does not happen without plague and annoyance to us, though, indeed, to say the truth, the staying fastened there is not over pleasant. And so I struggled against you too, for we have a natural aversion to let ourselves be taken in a man's hand.' 'Ho, ho! is that the tune with you?' cried the farmer: 'you have a natural aversion, have you? Believe me, my sooty friend, I have just the same for you; and so you shall be away without a moment's delay, and we will lose no time in making our bargain with each other. But you must first make me some present.' 'What you will, you have only to ask,' said the little one: 'silver and gold, and precious stones, and costly furniture—all shall be thine in less than an instant.' 'Silver and gold, and precious stones, and all such glittering fine things, will I none,' said the farmer; 'they have turned the heart and broken the neck of many a one before now, and few are they whose lives they make happy. I know that you are handy smiths, and have many a strange thing with you that other smiths know nothing about. So come, now, swear to me that you will make me an iron plough, such that the smallest foal may be able to draw it without being tired, and then run off with you as fast as your legs can carry you.' So the black swore, and the farmer then cried out, 'Now, in the name of God; there, you are at liberty;' and the little one vanished like lightning. Next morning, before the sun was up, there stood in the farmer's yard a new iron plough, and he yoked his dog Water to it, and though it was of the size of an ordinary plough, Water drew it with ease through the heaviest clay land, and it tore up prodigious furrows. The farmer used this plough for many years, and the smallest foal, or the leanest little horse, could draw it through the ground, to the amazement of every one who beheld it, without turning a single hair. And this plough made a rich man of the farmer, for it cost him no horse-flesh, and he led a cheerful and contented life by means of it. Hereby we may see that moderation holds out the longest, and that it is not good to covet too much."

Much light is thrown upon ancient manners—much that is both singular and amusing is contained in these pages; and though the tales have none of the humour, that peculiar neatness of story-telling, which distinguishes their Irish prototypes, still the antiquary will find matter for investigation in the industry displayed in this work—and the general reader ample entertainment.

Hope Leslie; or, Early Times in the Massachusetts. By the Author of Redwood. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. John Miller.

THIS is a very pretty tale, but containing *matériel* of which much more might have been made: the old Indian chief, with his noble

daughter—the fair English girl, married to his son—are sketches of which fine pictures could have been finished: as it is, there is evidently a want of power to manage a rich imagination. We will extract a very spirited scene, which shews what the author could do. Magawisca, an Indian girl, has been most kindly treated in an English family: she is rescued by her own countrymen, who bear off the eldest son to their village, where, in spite of her grateful intercessions, he is to die.

"Seated around their sacrifice-rock—their holy of holies—they listen to the sad story of the Pequod chief with dejected countenances and downcast eyes, save when an involuntary glance turned on Everell, who stood awaiting his fate, cruelly aggravated by every moment's delay, with a quiet dignity and calm resignation, that would have become a hero or a saint. Surrounded by this dark cloud of savages, his fair countenance kindled by holy inspiration, he looked scarcely like a creature of earth. There might have been among the spectators some who felt the silent appeal of the helpless, courageous boy; some whose hearts moved them to interpose to save the selected victim; but they were restrained by their interpretation of natural justice, as controlling to them as our artificial codes of laws to us. Others, of a more cruel or more irritable disposition, when the Pequod described his wrongs and depicted his sufferings, brandished their tomahawks, and would have hurled them at the boy, but the chief said—'Nay, brothers, the work is mine—he dies by my hand—for my first-born—life for life—he dies by a single stroke, for thus was my boy cut off. The blood of sachems is in his veins. He has the skin, but not the soul of that mixed race, whose gratitude is like that vanishing mist,' and he pointed to the vapour that was melting from the mountain tops into the transparent ether: 'and their promises are like this,' and he snapped a dead branch from the pine beside which he stood, and broke it in fragments. 'Boy as he is, he fought for his mother, as the eagle fights for its young. I watched him in the mountain-path, when the blood gushed from his torn feet; not a word from his smooth lip betrayed his pain.' Mononotto embellished his victim with praises, as the ancients wreathed theirs with flowers. He brandished his hatchet over Everell's head, and cried, exultingly, 'See, he flinches not.' Thus stood my boy, when they flashed their sabres before his eyes, and bade him betray his father. Brothers, my people have told me I bore a woman's heart towards the enemy. Ye shall see. I will pour out this English boy's blood to the last drop, and give his flesh and bones to the dogs and wolves.' He then motioned to Everell to prostrate himself on the rock, his face downward. In this position the boy would not see the descending stroke. Even at this moment of dire vengeance, the instincts of a merciful nature asserted their rights. Everell sunk calmly on his knees, not to supplicate life, but to commend his soul to God. He clasped his hands together. He did not—he could not speak; his soul was

* Rapt in still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer."

At this moment a sunbeam penetrated the trees that enclosed the area, and fell athwart his brow and hair, kindling it with an almost supernatural brightness. To the savages, this was a token that the victim was accepted, and they sent forth a shout that rent the air. Everell bent forward, and pressed his forehead to the rock. The chief raised the deadly weapon, when Magawisca, springing from the

precipitous side of the rock, screamed—'Forbear!' and interposed her arm. It was too late. The blow was levelled—force and direction given—the stroke aimed at Everell's neck severed his defender's arm, and left him unharmed. The lopped, quivering member dropped over the precipice. Mononotto staggered and fell senseless, and all the savages, uttering horrible yells, rushed toward the fatal spot. 'Stand back!' cried Magawisca: 'I have bought his life with my own. Fly, Everell—nay, speak not, but fly—thither—to the east!' she cried, more vehemently. Everell's faculties were paralysed by a rapid succession of violent emotions. He was conscious only of a feeling of mingled gratitude and admiration for his preserver. He stood motionless, gazing on her. 'I die in vain then,' she cried, in an accent of such despair, that he was roused. He threw his arms around her, and pressed her to his heart, as he would a sister that had redeemed his life with her own, and then tearing himself from her, he disappeared. No one offered to follow him. The voice of nature rose from every heart, and responding to the justice of Magawisca's claim, bade him—'God speed!' To all it seemed that his deliverance had been achieved by miraculous aid. All—the dullest and coldest—paid involuntary homage to the heroic girl, as if she were a superior being, guided and upheld by supernatural power. Every thing short of miracle she had achieved. The moment the opiate dulled the senses of her keeper, she escaped from the hut; and aware that, if she attempted to penetrate to her father through the semicircular line of spectators that enclosed him, she should be repulsed, and probably borne off the ground, she had taken the desperate resolution of mounting the rock, where only her approach would be unperceived. She did not stop to ask herself if it were possible, but impelled by a determined spirit, or rather, we would believe, by that inspiration that teaches the bird its unknown path, and leads the goat, with its young, safely over the mountain crags, she ascended the rock. There were crevices in it, but they seemed scarcely sufficient to support the eagle with his grappling talon; and twigs issuing from the fissures, but so slender, that they waved like a blade of grass under the weight of the young birds that made a rest on them; and yet, such is the power of love, stronger than death, that, with these inadequate helps, Magawisca scaled the rock, and achieved her generous purpose."

We remember Redwood, an interesting work, by the same author; and we think she (for we believe the fair object of our present remarks is a lady) has talents that promise much more. She is on a fertile soil, and has but to cultivate it.

Dr. Arnott's Elements of Physics, &c. &c.
8vo. pp. 636. Second Edition. T. and G. Underwood.

Of this valuable, or, we might say, invaluable work, a second edition has speedily been demanded by the public voice; and we are pleased to see that the author has not been inattentive to the call. On the contrary, he has much improved the volume, and at once shewn himself sensible and deserving of the favour with which his excellent performance has been received. It is not necessary for us to enter again upon his merits in detail; but we cannot resist the temptation to extract a few further specimens, in order to justify our praise of his new exertions, and at the same time (we are sure) convey some very useful information to our readers.

On the interesting subject of *Animal Mechanics* we have the following note:—

"A distinguished member of our profession, who seems often to have contemplated the human frame under the aspect which elevates the thoughts to the Creator, has lately published, with the title of *Animal Mechanics*, and as a part of the *Library of Useful Knowledge*, an essay on the perfection of design manifested in the animal structure. It has been eulogized in many of the public prints, by friends of the diffusion of knowledge, as one of the most admirable productions of modern times; and in consequence has already been demanded by the public to the extraordinary extent of about thirty thousand copies. On comparing this new essay with the present section of the *Elements of Physics*, to which it has close relation in title, matter, and arrangement, it will be found to have substituted for the detail of certain of the facts adduced here as striking evidences of creative contrivance, an elaborate exposition, constituting nearly half its substance, of what the author deems instances of still more profound design than had hitherto been noticed, and still more striking examples, therefore, of God's wisdom and power. Had these instances appeared to me what they have appeared to the author, it would have been my agreeable task to have incorporated them with the matter of this second edition; but they do not: yet the wide diffusion of the essay, and the authority with which it has come before the public, make it imperative on me, as a faithful teacher, to notice them here, and to state my opinion, that with respect to every one of them the author has fallen into an extraordinary misapprehension of the true nature of his subject, and has attributed to the Creator contrivance or design which is far from being divine. I publish my remarks without hesitation, as regards either the author or the public-spirited Society of which he is a member, assured of their approval, if my remarks are well founded; but I feel that I shall be doing a kind of sacrilegious violence to many amiable minds, by undeceiving them as to what they have deemed so excellent. The feeling with which the essay is written so naturally interests good men, and the whole is rendered so plausible by the appearance which runs through it of ultra-minute acquaintance with the subject, that thousands of intelligent persons must have yielded up their judgment to the persuasive writer, and have studied the work with unmixed delight. These are not reasons, however, for concealing the truth, which certainly there is no need to twist or exaggerate, for the purpose of proving, from the structure of the human body—nay, even from a small part of it—the wisdom, and power, and benevolence, which presided at the creation. The following are the errors alluded to: one of them vitiates each chapter.

"Chap. I. *On the Head.*—The author, not contented with shewing generally that the skull has the strength and advantages of the arched form, and not aware, apparently, that there are kinds of arches quite distinct from each other, nay, having even a direct opposition in certain respects of proportion; &c., hopes to prove the singular perfection of design and execution in the skull, by shewing that it has the peculiarities of the architectural arch; or that of bridges, domes, &c. &c.—and he expresses a wonder that men should have been so long in learning to build domes, when every individual carried in his head a model planned by the unerring Architect! Now the architectural arch has material, form, proportions, &c. calculated to

resist the force of gravity only, which is increasing, and acts always in one direction, and which, moreover, is essential to the stability of the arch; for if this come to incline a little from its natural position, or be shaken by an earthquake, it is instantly demolished. On the other hand, there is the arch of a cask, or barrel, or egg-shell, or cocoa-nut, in which the tenacity of the material is manifold greater than necessary, to resist the influence of gravity, and comes in aid, therefore, of the peculiarity of curve, to resist forces of other kinds, approaching in all directions, as in falls, blows, unequal pressure, &c. Now the skull, which may be called the oviform shell of the brain, with the face and mouth attached to its under side, is truly an arch of the latter kind, having very much oftener to bear pressure and blows coming upon it laterally, than from above. A thimble, bee-hive, limpet-shell, &c., are much nearer approximations to the dome than the skull is, because, like the dome, they are open in one direction; yet, by reason of their smaller size, and the tenacity of their material, they are perfect, without the peculiar securities of the dome. What a mistake, then, is it for our author to suppose himself proving the perfection of the skull, by trying to exhibit in its peculiarities which, had they really existed, would have been just so many faults!

"Chap. II. *On the Spine*.—Our author holds, that an important analogy exists between the spine and the mast of a ship. Now supposing that there had been some useful lesson obtainable by comparing the crooked, pliant, every where movable spine, with the straight, rigid, singularly steadied mast, it will perhaps appear that he was not likely to draw it forth, owing to his little acquaintance with naval matters, as proved by the following assumptions, all of which are errors, and yet all are points or parts of his argument:—that the foremast of a ship being very upright, and far forward, causes the vessel to *tack* or *stay* the better—that the main and mizen-masts are made to *rake* or incline backwards, to diminish the danger to them from the forward pitching of the ship—that masts are *sprung* or broken chiefly by coming into contact with the deck when the rigging is too slack—that certain boats are the fittest of all to withstand storms, because they are without decks, and therefore cannot injure their masts in the way above alluded to. Our author must have been singularly deceived in some way with respect to these matters, as he may learn by applying to any intelligent seafaring man.

"Chap. III. *On the Chest*.—To prove a hitherto concealed perfection here, he asserts that the elasticity bestowed on the cartilages of the ribs is capable of maintaining respiration, and thereby life, in cases where the respiratory muscles have become too weak to perform their office aright—just as if he were to say, that a spring applied to a pump-handle would continue to lift water, or at least would help, after the workers' arms were tired.

"Chap. IV. *On the Limbs*.—Having mentioned the admirable fact, first pointed out by Borelli, that when a bird sinks down into the sleeping attitude, while resting on the branch of a tree, the bending of the limbs so tightens the sinews of the talons, that the foot grasps the branch firmly without attention or muscular exertion on the part of the creature,—he wonders that a similar fact in the human body should have been so long overlooked, viz. that when a soldier changes from the attitude of attention to that of stand at ease, the bending of the knee and sinking of the pelvis on one

side, lifts the other side of the pelvis, so as to tighten a ligament or fascia, which passes from it to the knee-pan below it, and so keeps the leg straight, without the fatigue of muscular exertion. Now this is altogether an error. The true reason why the straightened leg requires no muscular support is, that the knee falls a little behind the general line of the leg, and the strain comes upon the posterior ligaments of the joint. And proving that there is no tightened fascia, as assumed, between the pelvis and knee-pan, the latter remains quite loose and movable—yea, even if the pelvis be held for a time immovable, and the distance between it and the knee-pan be still further increased by bending the knee.

"Chap. V. *On the Cordage or Tendons*.—Meaning to prove the tendons to be constructed with consummate skill, he has accumulated many errors. Setting out from the known fact, that when a broken rope is spliced, that is to say, has its ends again united by being interwoven with each other, it rarely breaks a second time at the junction; but, not adverting, apparently, to the fact that the rope at that part is double, 1st, he assumes, as a general truth, that plaited ropes are stronger than twisted ropes—contrary to the fact, as is known to every rope-maker; for what then prevents their plaiting all their ropes, instead of twisting them? 2d. He next assumes that the fibres of the tendons are interwoven or plaited, because thereby stronger:—the fact being, however, that they are parallel, although, when torn asunder laterally, a remaining adhesion at a few points may give the appearance of crossing fibres. 3d. He seems not to have been aware that a rope, whether plaited or spliced, will bear much less weight than its constituent fibres loaded singly—the reason being, that in no rope can the tension of the fibres be made so equal that each shall bear its exact share of the load. Plaiting and twisting therefore are defects, and are forced upon men only because the fibres of which ropes are composed are shorter than the ropes, and must be made to cohere, either by being knotted together, or by the lateral friction of plaiting or twisting. The chains or wires of a suspension-bridge, which reach from end to end, are neither plaited nor twisted together, which would much weaken them; but are merely secured in parallel contact, as the fibres of long animal tendons also truly are.—The treatise, which we have been obliged thus to criticise, we believe was hastily written, and that the plan was changed more than once in its progress. This will account for its being so little like the valuable other works which have proceeded from the same source. But that its parentage is known, and that it has been so thickly and widely disseminated in connexion with other treatises, will help to keep it long under general observation, and therefore in the way of more correct works on the subject, we would have allowed it to pass altogether unnoticed."

On the subject of salt and fresh water lakes we are struck with the following remarks:—

"There are some lakes on the face of the earth which have no outlet towards the sea,—all the water which falls into them being again removed by evaporation alone,—and such lakes are never of fresh water, because every substance, which, from the beginning of time, rain could dissolve in the regions around them, has necessarily been carried towards them by their feeding streams, and there has remained. The great majority of lakes, however, being basins constantly running over on one part towards the sea, although all originally

salt, have in the course of time become fresh, because their only supply being directly from the clouds, or from rivers and springs fed by the clouds, is fresh, while what runs away from them must always be carrying with it a proportion of any substance dissolved in them. We thus see how the face of the earth has been gradually washed to a state of purity and freshness, fitting it for the uses of man; and why the great ocean necessarily contains in solution all the substances that originally existed near the surface of the earth, which water could dissolve—viz. all the saline substances. The city of Mexico stands in the centre of one of the most magnificent plains on the face of the earth, 7,000 feet above the level of the sea, and surrounded by sublime ridges of mountains, many of them snow-capped. One side of the plain is a little lower than the other, and forms the bed of a lake, which is salt, for the reasons stated above;—but the lake will not long be salt, for it now has an outlet. About 150 years ago an extraordinary increase of the lake took place, and covered the pavements of the city; an artificial drain was then cut from the plain of Mexico to the lower country external to it, about sixty miles from the city. This soon freed the city from the water; but by becoming every year deeper, from the wearing effects of the stream, which has never ceased, it is still lowering the surface of the lake, is daily rendering the water less salt, and is converting the vast salt marshes which formerly surrounded the city, into fresh and fertile fields. The immense continent of Australasia, or New Holland (larger than Europe), is supposed by some to have been formed at a different time from what is called the old world, so different and peculiar are many of its animal and vegetable productions; and the idea of a later formation receives some countenance from the immense tracts of marshy or imperfectly drained land which have been discovered in the interior, into which rivers flow, but seem not yet to have worn down a sufficient outlet or discharging channel towards the ocean."

[To be concluded in our next.]

Life in the West.

[Third Notice.]

WE come now to conclude our review of this book, to which we have given the more of our attention as we think it may produce very beneficial consequences by exposing gamblers, and saving the weak and ignorant from falling into their snares.

After explaining circumstantially the nature of the various games, the calculations of the chances upon them, and the certain winning of the banks (even if the play were fair, which it is not)—the author asks—

"What are the results of all these things? Why the funds and resources of the bankers, put them all together, did not exceed £15,000, but their gains since have been enormous. Some of them are now worth two or three hundred thousand pounds, all made in the space of nine or ten years. These monies have been lost, from time to time, by thousands and thousands of persons, to banks, whose owners could not lose, (supposing for a moment they could lose at all), on the onset, more than £15,000 at the very utmost. These riches have changed masters, and got into a few worthless hands, while most of the persons, who have been weak enough to lose them, are vitally struggling, in consequence, in an abyss of misery, vice, and despair. The passions of the players are often

named as a cause of loss. But in reply, though they have with some that effect, yet there are others who come and play a cool, deliberate, well-digested game, which is sure to win they think; but they lose equally the same. The passions of a man may certainly influence him to lose, yet they also, at other times, may cause him to win;—therefore the passions of the players are quite subordinate to the surety of loss, in the game itself. Five hundred pounds is a very good capital to pit against all the money of the town, it is sure soon to increase and multiply in a rapid and wonderful degree. The large fortunes of some of the hellites have been made from capitals much less. One hellite was caudid and open enough to tell a young man, in whom he felt an interest, that it was utterly impossible for a player to win. ‘Do you think,’ added he; ‘that we would encounter our great expenses if we were not quite certain of our game?’

“One of these hells in King Street is kept by two bankrupt butchers, a bankrupt publican, a journeyman tailor, (who was in St. George’s Hospital, where, expecting to die, however incredible, he sold his body to some surgeons, and recovered upon the purchase money,) a man who kept a chandler’s shop, and two others of the like stamp. They put down a small bank at French hazard during the day, and at night play against one another at English hazard with the money they make in the morning; and are ready to cut one another’s throats as they lose, at the same time using the vilest oaths.”

In making these extracts, we have applied ourselves to the most general features of the case as stated by the author; but for the multitude of particulars which stamp his narrative with the strong air of truth, we must refer to the work itself. It contains sketches of characters which, we are sorry to say, must, we think, be readily recognised; it develops the usual preparations for inveigling and betraying the unwary; and it shews the dreadful results to many, once respectable and honoured, who, having begun with gaming, have soon ended by ignominious imprisonment, transportation, suicide, and public execution. Several individuals who have, within the last few years, finished their career on the scaffold, are expressly mentioned, and their whole course, from credit and station to ruin and death, clearly pointed out. The tricks and management of the principal games and gaming sports, hazard, rouge et noir, ecarté, blind hooky, billiards, the crosses in horse-racing, boxing matches, &c., and even the lower impositions at fairs and in flash-houses, are all painted in a way which seems to prove that the artist was well acquainted with all their bearings and intricacies. One thing we have to complain of, is the gross style in which a few of the more blackguard resorts, and their abandoned inmates, are delineated; the pictures of prostitution and gambling combined in night-houses are too much for the bare view even of men acquainted with the town, and not to be allowed in a work purporting to take the form and interest of a novel to recommend itself to female readers. It was, however, difficult to deter from the vice, without painting its deformities. The writer, we observe, in his preface, disclaims the ambition of literary merit: in this he shews good sense. But his true object, if attained, is far more likely to benefit society, by laying open to public scorn, reprobation, and punishment, the sinks of iniquity, which he appears to have examined but too thoroughly. In this praiseworthy effort

he has been preceded (we understand with considerable effect) by some very able letters, signed Expositor, in the *Times* Newspaper, and by some caustic articles in the *Morning Herald*. Altogether, good must come of these exposures; and they have been, for those concerned, very foolishly provoked, by the glaring and notorious manner in which they have challenged notice, by their display of costly buildings, and still more costly furniture and entertainments. The road to the gallows was better through its original dark passages than with all this gilding, and light, and pomp, about it. Criminals do not like the broad day and general attention fixed upon their deeds. Dens, not palaces, are the proper resorts of swindlers and thieves; and we are much mistaken, if the effrontery which has ventured to defy publicity, be not punished, however backed, by loss, shame, and failure.

But we will not conclude so gravely:—there are some stories and anecdotes of the puppies whom one sees about the streets, which are whimsical enough. Friske (already mentioned) “used (we are told) to undergo the operation of tanning about once a week, which occupied some hours in the performance. On one occasion, while he was thus detained at home, he was much wanted at a certain hotel in Bond Street, there being expected ‘a good thing’ in the wind. ‘Where the devil is Friske?’ exclaimed one of the party. ‘O! paddy is ‘dying,’ said Lord Hulse, with mock gravity. ‘Poor Friske!’ added the other, taking literally what was said, ‘his friskish days are then over: alas! poor Friske, he was a merry fellow.’ ‘Ah! ah! ah!’ rejoined Lord Hulse, ‘he ‘dies’ every week, his time was come, for he looked very pale last night at the opera; but he will soon re-appear like a vampire, but as dark as a Mulatto,—he! he! he!’”

Another worthy is “Mr. Twaddle Gascon, who calls himself Colonel Gascon, and is in nature what his name would convey. He mentioned over wine the other day, when the subject about the new mode of trimming whiskers was under discussion, that so desirous was he to put his whiskers upon the ‘new establishment,’ that he went over to Ireland, to live in obscurity during the time his whiskers were growing to that fulness and length, when they could be cut by rule,—four inches and a half deep, by three inches wide. That he came over again to this country for the operation, and he declared that his whiskers grew so thick and long, that upon Truefit’s trimming them, the floor was strewn with hair, sufficient to supply a whole regiment of hussars with mustachios.” They are, however, after all, only false ones, stuck on. Can the following, which we stick on to our review face, by way of finish, be true? We leave the extracts to speak for themselves.

“It has been mentioned, that in consequence of so vast a number of ruined men thronging to the different gaming-houses, the keepers locked out a great many. Some of these then turned the tables upon them, and indicted a few of them for keeping common gaming-houses. Hence the conviction of Bennett Oldfield, Phillips, Bogier, Carlos, Humphries, Fielder, Taylor, and some few more. All these persons (with the exception of Phillips, who pleaded illness for not coming up to receive judgment, and is since dead,) were sentenced to fines and certain terms of imprisonment. The full terms of imprisonment have been served, and the parties are now at liberty, though but few of the fines have been paid. One, it is said, was remitted by the influence of a certain noble-

man, a near relative of whom owed the party a gambling debt of fifteen hundred pounds, which was given up, as a consideration for his exciting such interference. All indictments now are compromised, upon the best terms to which they can bring their ruined victim. When a man is completely undone and in distress, he will ask for the loan of a few pounds. A pound or two are granted. If he, feeling dissatisfied, threatens a prosecution, one of the ‘croupiers’ will see him. This man will express the deep concern of the people of the house at his situation, and the ill luck that had recently attended the bank, which prevents their doing much for him; that they would not do any thing at all, if they supposed him sincere in his threats of indictment, about which he might do his worst. Such conversation generally takes place at a tavern, and the ruined man is treated to a bottle of wine and refreshment. He will then be told, that this proprietor or the other is the best-hearted man in the world, and at any time will befriend him. The ruined man, believing such professions, will declare, that he did not intend to indict them at all. ‘Well,’ the croupier will add, ‘I said you were too good a fellow for any thing of that kind, and I dare say, if you will write to that effect, I shall manage to get a few pounds for you.’ For some paltry consideration they obtain from their victims a document of the following nature, which they term a release:—

“In consideration of the sum of _____, I do hereby undertake, promise, and engage, not at any time hereafter to bring or prosecute any bill or bills of indictment, information, summons, or any other proceeding or proceedings at law whatsoever, against the said _____, any or either of them, hereby acknowledging that I have not, nor ever had, any claim or demand whatever against them, any or either of them, jointly or severally, for or on account of any matter, cause, or pretence whatsoever. As witness my hand this _____ day of _____ 1824.

“Witness
“Though such a document as this, in a court of justice, would not be worth so much as the paper on which it is written, yet it operates with most persons as a bar to all proceedings whatever, from the fear of a public display of it. Those who have proved the most obnoxious to the gaming-houses with indictments, were a party of about eight ‘excludeds,’ humorously styled ‘the Irish brigade,’ on account of the party being composed mostly of Irishmen, and acting generally conjointly. They carried on a system of warfare against the houses, which annoyed and harassed them dreadfully. There is no wish by the following anecdote to cover with more odium than is deserved, a person who expiated his crimes down at Hertford, though, in the opinion of most, it is impossible to add to the horror in which the character of that wretch is universally held. At the time the ‘Irish brigade’ were very active in harassing the houses, Thurtell made an offer to remove them out of the way at fifty pounds a head, and put them beyond the reach of all farther annoyance. He proposed that four hundred pounds (taking their number to be eight,) should be put into the hands of some banker, subject to the performance of the undertaking. However preposterous and dreadful the proposition was, it is an undeniable fact, that it was made to the keepers of a certain gaming-house, but who, ‘to give the devil his due,’ did not agree to it. A young gentleman named S. of great talent

and of considerable promise, a few years ago held a very responsible situation in an eminent merchant's counting-house in the city. One of his west-end acquaintances took him one evening, by way of 'killing an hour,' to a hell in St. James's Square. The mania for play immediately took full possession of him. Soon after he went the regular round of all of them;—St. James's Square, Pall Mall, St. James's Street, and Bennett Street, one after the other. The mal-appropriation of his master's money, to the extent of full three thousand pounds, lost him his situation, and all his fair hopes were blasted for ever. The falling-off of his money caused him soon to be shut out of those denominated the great houses. He then took the run of the small ones. At one of these hells he got acquainted with a person connected with the passing of forged notes. He was induced by his distresses, and the representation that the gaming-house keepers could not notice it, in the event of detection, to take a few and play them at the houses. This he did till the notoriety of the act caused him to be shut out of all of them. Thus cast upon the world, without a friend or a single stay, he commenced passing bad notes with tradesmen, &c. This career was short; he was detected, apprehended, tried and executed, under a feigned name.

On behalf of the fictitious and novel scenes in these volumes, it may be alleged, that they serve to relieve the scientific or gambling parts: altogether the writer has merited the thanks of society.

No me Olvides.

THE sweetly embellished volume, *No me Olvides*, or Spanish *Forget me Not*, published annually by Mr. Ackermann, has this year issued from the press under the auspices of a new editor, Don Pablo de Mendibila. It is adorned with graphic illustrations similar to those in the *Forget me Not*, the publication of which we recently noticed; but in its literary contents it differs materially from the English work, of which this Spanish *librito* must be regarded not merely as an imitation, but as a very successful rival. We find in it several clever original pieces in prose and verse. With regard to the translations, the editor, after referring in his preface to the humorous pictures which form an agreeable part of the embellishments, says,—"In the articles which refer to these and the other plates, I have not only departed from the English as far as the genius of Castilian literature, and the taste of the readers for whom the *No me Olvides* is destined, seemed to require,—but in some I have abandoned the original altogether, and worked upon a different plan." The manner in which this part of the work is executed really deserves our best commendation. The pieces are, as the editor intimates, sometimes re-cast. In changing their language they also change their costume, and assume that variation of form which the German writers call a *bearbeitung*. It would be fortunate were the commendable example thus set, to have some influence on many English translators, whose slavish labour to reproduce foreign phrase and idioms—as if the English language wanted power of expression!—must disgust the better informed, who can divine what is meant—and often render the jargon unintelligible to the unlearned. The translations of the *No me Olvides*, both the prose and the poetical, are distinguished by great spirit and freedom. It is interesting to peruse the pathetic "Sister's Dream," of Mrs. Hemans; the "Bridal Morn-

ing," by L. E. L.; the "Wedding Ring," by Miss Mitford; and mark how the English ideas are re-produced or modified in the easy, flowing, Spanish assonantes, or in other kinds of verse and rhyme, totally different from those in which the originals are clothed. The first of the prose pieces is the "Vision of Las Casas," originally written in German by Engel, which well deserved to appear in a Spanish dress, on account of the nature of the subject, and the useful lesson it is calculated to convey to the people among whom the *No me Olvides* will chiefly circulate. This is followed by the "Booroom Slave" of Mrs. Bowditch, and the "Magician's Visitor" of Mr. Neele; the latter of which was given in the *Literary Gazette*, from the English *Forget me Not*. Mrs. Hoffman's "Sketch," Mr. Roby's "Mab's Cross," one of the Legends of Lancashire, and all the other stories, are ably rendered into Castilian. We wish we had found Miss Mitford's genial and well-drawn picture of the "Country Apothecary" among the number. Mr. Hood's "Death in the Kitchen" is happily re-modelled, under the title of "El Sermon del Cabo de Escudera, ó la Predicacion en la Cocina;" and the "Logicians," another humorous piece by the same writer, is extremely well given. Spanish readers will find much gratification in the perusal of this interesting work.

Christmas Box. Ainsworth.

WE did injustice to this capital Children's Annual in not inserting a specimen of its excellent history of the Peninsular War, which we now take an opportunity of doing, before Christmas-day and Box-giving arrives.

"The Emperor Alexander, and the other sovereigns that had been engaged in the war against Buonaparte, came over to England at this time. And there were most splendid processions, and feasts, and rejoicings of all kinds, in honour of them. They were all very much astonished, as well as pleased, with the beautiful appearance of England, and the size and riches of London; for no foreign country is so finely cultivated as this, or has so many grand gentlemen's houses in it; nor is there any city in the world to be compared with London. Among the foreigners that came over with the allied princes on this occasion, there was one brave old general, with great mustachios, that was a particular favourite with the English. His name was General Blucher. He had been of great use in conquering Buonaparte, and every body had read or heard of his bold actions. He was a good-natured old gentleman, and the mob used to gather below the windows of the house where he lived, in St. James's Street, and call out, 'Blucher, Blucher;' and then he used to come out on the balcony with his pipe in his mouth (for he was a great smoker of tobacco, as many old soldiers are), and stand there to let himself be seen. And they cheered and huzzaed whenever he came out, so that one could hear the noise at Charing Cross. He had a very fine Newfoundland dog with him; and the dog too was a favourite; in fact, he used to be called for, and came out to be cheered, like his master. This old general was quite astonished when he saw the rich shops, and the carriages and horses, and all the wealth of London. They took him up to the top of St. Paul's one fine morning—and when the whole city lay under him, so that he could see fifty streets and squares at once, he could contain himself no longer, but cried out (very much like an old rough dragoon, who had been at the taking of many towns in his time), 'Oh, my God! what

a plunder!' The people laughed very much when they found that the old general, whom they huzzaed from morning to evening, had been considering in his own mind what a fine thing it would be to have the rifling of their shops and plate chests. But Blucher was a fine old gentleman, and he said it merely in joke. So the French took back their own king, and all the foreign armies marched out of France, and the duke of Wellington and all his brave soldiers came home to England. And every body thought there were to be no more bloody battles in the world for a great while. There was nothing but joy and comfort from one end of Europe to the other."

If we do not want our children of the present generation to be dull, mechanical rogues, we shall continue the amusing old course of our sires, and sometimes cultivate their understandings and imaginations together, as is done in this pretty volume.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

A General and Heraldic Dictionary of the Peerage and Baronetage of the British Empire, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 724. London, 1828. H. Colburn.

THIS may well be called "a new and enlarged edition" of a very useful work; for it contains double the quantity of matter which the preceding volume possessed, and is infinitely more correct and accurate in all its details. Indeed, we have the highest praise to bestow on the pains-taking and diligence which distinguish almost every page of the publication. It is already far advanced by them to the completion of its aim;—that of being an authority for the present and future times. The few errors (comparatively speaking) which we have discovered in it, (and we have looked wherever our own knowledge enabled us to judge,) may well be pardoned in so extensive a compilation, giving the lineage and status of nearly 2000 families, and perhaps 100,000 dates and names. The editor, we are glad to see, has acted upon an opinion we formerly expressed, and added the baronets of Ireland and Scotland. To conclude, the book is excellently printed in double columns, so as to render references clear and easy; and as a reward for Mr. Burke's having accomplished much for so useful a purpose, we think him entitled not only to what he will enjoy,—a general circulation,—but to the individual aid (in rectifying what may be wrong, and in adding to his information) every family of rank in the kingdom.

The Art of Working in Pastebord upon Scientific Principles; to which is added, an Appendix, containing Directions for Constructing Architectural Models. By D. Boileau. Eight Plates. London, 1827. Boosey and Sons.

WE cordially recommend this little volume to all fair architects: for ourselves, we confess to being great advocates for all that calls forth female ingenuity gracefully; and the fairy edifice is fit employment for fairy fingers. We do not pretend to much skill in the mysteries of gold paper and pastebord; but we must say the directions appear simply and clearly given for a variety of pretty and ornamental toys.

A Practical Explanation of the Elements of Architecture. By George Smith, Architect, Lecturer on Architecture at the Edinburgh School of Arts. 12mo. pp. 36; seven Plates. 1827. Edinburgh, D. Lizars; London, G. B. Whittaker.

A PLAIN and intelligible "horn-book" of ar-

chitecture, by which the elements of that noble art may be readily acquired. Now that architecture is so fashionable a pursuit, and so general a subject of conversation in almost every class of society, such little manuals have become highly necessary, and we recommend this particularly to our fair and young readers.

Ringroose; or, Old-Fashioned Notions. By the Author of "A Tale of the Times," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1827. Longman and Co.

Two volumes certainly conveying the most admirable precepts to young people; but perhaps a little deficient in the skill of the novelist. The tales introduced are very favourable to the benevolent intentions of the author; and some of them are not only good in language and precept, but interesting in detail.

Sketches of Modern Greece, &c. By a Young English Volunteer in the Greek Service. 2 vols.

At present we can only notice this production as containing some curious particulars of the Greek revolution. The author espouses the party in the government opposed to Mavrocato, and writes strongly on that side.

The Posthumous Papers, Facetious and Fanciful, of a Person lately about Town. 12mo. pp. 301. London, 1828. Sams.

We shall turn anon to this clever and entertaining miscellany, which has appeared too late for our Review this week.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

DURING the winter season, the gardens and menagerie belonging to the Zoological Society in the Regent's Park are less inviting to the curious than at other times, when the plants of the former are in bloom, and the animals of the latter in fine condition. We are glad, however, to notice, even at this period, an acquisition of great importance made by this flourishing Institution. The Commissioners of Woods and Forests have, it appears, granted to it the whole of the lake in the Regent's Park, with the islands, all the waterfowl, and a convenient site in the neighbourhood of the lake for erecting premises for breeding, rearing, and trying experiments on all kinds of animals.* Some valuable privileges have been annexed to this judicious gift, which we consider to be not only of essential consequence in itself, but peculiarly gratifying as testifying the favour of government, and the interest which it takes in the progress of useful science.

EXPEDITIONS: TRAVELS, &c.

WE have the *Malacca Observer and Chinese Chronicle* of the 13th March ulto., which contains part of a journal of Mr. Gray, who proceeded on a mercantile expedition across the country from Malacca to Pahang, and back again. His course lay down the rivers Soorooting, Braugh, and Pahang; and as this route is little, if at all, known to European geography, we select the most prominent entries from the conclusion of the journal (the early portion not having reached us).

"The river Soorooting, the lake of Braugh,

* The newspapers lately gave an account of the murder of a black swan by its white rivals in the waters of the Regent's Park; and from the colours being separated at the Duke of Devonshire's at Chiswick, to prevent their deadly quarrels, it has been supposed that these birds will not associate. This, however, is not the fact; for we understand that black and white swans are swimming about in perfect amity on the Virginia Waters.

and river Braugh, fall into the river Pahang, which empties itself into the sea.

"From the Rajah's house, on the banks of the river Soorooting, to the end of the river Braugh, I suppose to be a distance of 200 miles, as I was five days going down to the end of the river Braugh, and having eight men pulling a small boat, with the current in our favour. On my journey down to Pahang, I suppose the depth of water to be above forty feet in most parts, not being able to reach the bottom with a forty feet pole. In some parts of the river Soorooting and river Braugh a brig might go up, and in other parts nothing but a small boat, on account of the water being above the fallen trees; so that the boat must be lifted over before it can proceed, on account of the overflowing of the banks of the river. We remained during the night on the banks of the river Braugh, near which there is a large village called Campong Braugh, containing a number of inhabitants under the control of the Rajah of Pahang.

"January 14th. Left the banks of the river Braugh, and arrived at the river Pahang about ten o'clock.

"From the river Braugh to the settlement of Pahang, the river is wide and deep in this season of the year; I suppose it to be not less than sixty feet deep.

"In the river of Pahang there are eight or nine most beautiful islands, covered with coconut and betel-nut trees; but in December and January these islands are all overflowed, on account of the numerous falls of water from the interior."

After paddling down the Pahang for a day and a night, Mr. Gray reached the village Pahang on the morning of the 15th: his journal continues:—

"16th. Met the Rajah of Pahang, by whom I was well received. I requested permission to proceed to the gold mines, to dispose of my goods, which he refused to grant, for the following reasons:—1. It being very troublesome, and not to be performed in less than forty days' hard pulling. 2. Being a stranger and a European, some unforeseen accidents might occur, and my disposing of my goods to the natives in the interior might cause trouble.

"I am informed by the merchants, that they have discovered a tin mine near the river Lappa, at the distance of two days' pulling from the settlement of Pahang; it is expected to turn out favourably, and to be opened in the dry season by about 800 Malays, besides a number of Chinese."

Having transacted his business, sold opium for gold dust, &c., Mr. Gray set out on his return on January 22d; but his course being against the streams, his progress (with a sail as well as paddles) was comparatively slow. On the 23d he mentions:—

"During the night we were alarmed by the elephants, which were not a gun-shot from the boats."

"The information which I received concerning the gold mines is, that from the mouth of the river Braugh to the village of Jelley, is nearly twelve days' hard pulling; and from thence to the mines, one month's pulling. Jelley is the village where the trade in gold is carried on.

"Fish is very cheap up the river. For two chupaks of rice we got as much as was sufficient for ten men, from a sort of men termed Orang-Hutan, or men of the woods."

It is very curious to find human beings existing under a name heretofore only given to animals!

Mr. Gray arrived at Malacca on the 6th of February; and we regret to gather from the obituary that he died of the jungle fever on the 2d of the ensuing month.

The Chanticleer, of ten guns, is the vessel in which Capt. Henry Foster is to proceed on his scientific voyage to the southern hemisphere, and round the world. We do not understand that his instructions are to penetrate as far to the south as possible; an attempt which would be worthy of the administration of the Lord High Admiral, and might be of great commercial consequence to the country. We are much inclined to believe that lands to the southward of New Holland, abounding with seals and birds, as the ocean is with fish, &c. (whence oil, whalebone, feathers, and other valuable imports, could be procured) are yet to be discovered, and a rich harvest to be reaped of their produce.

AFRICA.—A report from Tripoli, by way of Malta, insinuates the death of Captain Clapperton at Sackatoo, but does not seem to consider its authority to be good. It says, however, that it is certain the traveller reached Sackatoo through Dahomy, and that the expedition is on its route to Tripoli, by Bornou and Fezzan.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Half's New General Atlas. Part II.

THE second Part of this handsome publication deserves all the praises we bestowed upon the first. Prussia, the West Indies, and Sweden and Norway, are its contents, and they are engraved with equal precision and clearness, so as to be at once pleasant to the eye, and distinct and ready for reference. The map of the West Indies, shewing also the northern coasts of Colombia, &c. is particularly acceptable, at this time, when the political situation of the South American government is more than usually interesting.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

MY DEAR SIR.—The paragraph in the last Number of the *Literary Gazette* is merely a repetition of what has been before published in the *Lancet*. To shew to what degree of credit the writer is entitled, for the accuracy of his information, be it known to you; 1. If it ever were the intention of the legislature to suppress quack medicines through the influence of the College, the patents granted for these, and the taxes levied on their sale, have long ago released the College from all responsibility on that head.

2. The College still sue, and are to be sued, by the same appellation they assumed from the very foundation of their charter, as Dr. Harrison will in due time know. The corporation consists of a President, Elects, and Fellows, only.

3. By the charter, power was granted to the College to enact by-laws for their own government, and for the regulation of physicians within London and seven miles thereof. Graduates from Oxford or Cambridge have no more right to practise their profession within these limits than graduates from other universities, until they have obtained a license, after due ex-

* For this letter we are indebted to the same eminent authority which has already given interest to the discussion of a very important question in our columns: though we withhold the name, we vouch for its high respectability and just weight.—Ed.

amination, not only as to medical acquirements, but also as to their knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages.

4. There is no exclusive by-law to prevent physicians from other universities from becoming fellows, as the present list of the College bears testimony.

5. Seventy pounds are not paid for a license; and of the sum actually paid, a considerable portion goes to government for the stamp attached to the diploma; neither is any one on his admission compelled or expected to take an oath on his bended knees, or in any position; neither was it ever refused to any one to read the by-laws he is cautioned, and gives his promise, to observe.

6. If the College Charter, confirmed as it is by Parliament, be not a dead letter, then the College do not arrogate to themselves the right of examining doctors from recognised universities, but undertake the task as a duty entailed on them by the legislature,—and a most irksome duty it is! With respect to the Scottish diplomas authorising their possessor to practise *ubique gentium*—granting that such documents give all the authority that each university possesses, I much doubt if they will be found valid in empowering any one to act in direct opposition to the laws of this or any other country: now, by the common law of this country, any one, except graduates of Oxford or Cambridge, practising as a physician in any part of England or Wales, without a license from the College, may be indicted for a misdemeanor, and on conviction be fined or imprisoned, or both, at the discretion of the judge. Moreover, the diploma of Oxford or Cambridge does not give the possessor a right to practise either in Scotland or Ireland.

7. The monopolising power of the College, as set forth by your very acute informer, needs no refutation; but it so happens, that at the present time the London Hospital has two fellows, instead of one; there are three licentiates at Guy's, one at St. Thomas's, one at the Westminster, and one at St. George's.

Atque his mandatis, etc. verba falsa remanet.

Yours faithfully, &c.

We are informed that Mr. Ellis, whose long and valuable services at the British Museum have always been felt and acknowledged by the literary world, and whose works have so eminently recommended him to the public at large, has been appointed successor to the late Mr. Planta, as Principal Librarian to the British Museum.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—In the performance of the melancholy task of looking through the papers of a lately deceased relative before destroying them, I found a bundle of memoranda which he had made during a visit to Scotland, in 1798. Among these was the song which I send you, marked by him as "written by Mr. Scott." I have no means of ascertaining whether this Mr. Scott is the present Sir Walter, although I am strongly inclined to believe such is the fact; but, whoever the author may have been, the song appears to merit preservation, and is very much at your service.

A. B.

Glasgow, Dec. 17th 1847.

THE ROTHAY AND CAITHNESS FENCIBLES.

And are so sure the news is true—

Again the tale relate—

That Sinclair is to raise a corps

To fight for king and state?

Oh many thousand gallant youths

Have left the Caithness shore!

But never did a regiment march

Across the Ord¹ before.

¹ A lofty promontory, at the bottom of which is the boundary of Caithness and Sutherland.

Chorus.

Then let us fill a bumper full
To Rothsay's noble duke,
Who under his protection has
The lads of Caithness took.

Let Johnny Groats² rejoice at this,
And all the Men of Mey;³
The Pentland Frith⁴ should dance with glee
On such a merry day.
The Ord should bend its stubborn head,
And lofty Morven⁵ smile,
When first it sees the Caithness band
Array'd to guard our isle.

Then let us fill, &c.

Let others brag of fillibegs,
Of kilt and belted plaid,
Whilst we the ancient trousers shall wear
In which our fathers bled!
Like them, we'll fight with truth and zeal,
As well as wear their dress,
And guard our native isle from those
Who would her sons oppress.

Then let us fill, &c.

In former times our Scottish youths
The force of arms repell'd,
Though conqu'ring monarchs in those days
The crowns of Europe held.
Shall then the sons of France pretend
With Scotland's sons to vie?
If they suppose they're better men,
E'en let them come and try!

Then let us fill, &c.

If Britain's sons are firm and true,
And by each other stand,
No foreign foe will venture then
To stain our native land.
Or if they should assail our coasts,
Impell'd by want and need,
When Rothsay's banners are display'd,
They'll fly from thence with speed.

Then let us fill, &c.

The king our noble father is,
The queen our mother dear,
The princes brother soldiers are,
Whom we do all revere.
We'll them defend with might and main
Against all sort of foes,
Should they come arm'd to fight like men,
Or aim their trait'rous blows.
Then let us fill, &c.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

POPULAR CUSTOMS, &c. IN FRANCE.

NO. VIII.

Traditions and Customs of Sologne, &c. &c.

WHEN a snake arrives at the age of seven years without having seen any one, he shoots out a pair of wings, and the same day sets off on a journey for the Tower of Babylon. This tower is filled with animals of every kind; and they are so ferocious, that no one can approach within seven leagues of the building.

The nightingale and the blind-worm (*Anguis fragilis* L.), according to the belief of the Solognots, had each but one eye. For a long time they lived on very good terms together; but the nightingale one day being invited to a wedding, asked the blind-worm to lend him his eye, that he might appear at the wedding with two: this was agreed to on the part of the blind-worm. But when the nightingale

² Celebrated for having been the most northerly habitation in Scotland.

³ A number of rocks near Burnogil Castle, the seat of the Earl of Caithness, are commonly known by the name of the Men of Mey.

⁴ The Pentland Frith is the strait that divides Caithness from Orkney.

⁵ The highest mountain in Caithness.

came back, he refused to return his friend's eye which he had borrowed. The blind-worm, enraged at this trick, swore to revenge itself on him and his progeny. But the ungrateful nightingale replied, "I will make my nest so high, so high, so high, so low, that you shall never find it;"—and hence the reason why the blind-worm is so short-sighted. The Solognots think that not far from the nest of the nightingale, often under the bush where it is, a blind-worm will certainly be found. I have frequently searched, says M. Legier, but never had the good fortune to meet with one.

When a cow is troubled with swellings (*malade du fourchet*), the method of curing the animal is, to drive it into a *carrefour*, or a spot where four roads meet. The place where the cow puts her right fore foot is examined, a circle drawn round it, the earth carefully taken up, and thrown upon the first hawthorn in the road; the person who throws it, carefully avoiding all evil thoughts at the time. The branch attached to the earth cast upon it rots, the hawthorn dies, and the cow gets well.

There exists in the communes of Joui, Lagny, Ardon, and other neighbouring places, so deeply rooted a prejudice, that reason attempts in vain to destroy it. Certain families are supposed to have the secret or power of raising storms at their pleasure. It is sufficient that they wish a change in the weather, and the most beautiful sky becomes cloudy, and the thunder rolls; hail, rain, wind, and all the elements, are hurried together and confounded. Many women, observes M. Legier, assure me, that they have seen the conjurers who raise these tempests. One preliminary step, however, is indispensable—that the members of the privileged families should meet at a pond, at least three at a time; and the pond of Boisgibaut has more maleficent properties than any other. They have large beetles or battledores, with which they beat the water, and cause it to rise into the air to the height of more than 20 feet, making the most frightful outcries and noises. This preparation, or rather this manufacture of bad weather, takes place just before sunrise; and the luminary of day, frightened at the uproar, "hides his diminished head," and does not make his appearance for three or four days afterwards. It was in the pond of Boisgibaut, say the people, that the dreadful storm of the 13th July, 1788, was made, by three persons, one of la Feste St. Aubin, one of Joui, and one of Ardon. This ridiculous story, observes M. Legier, has been repeated to me twenty times, by different persons, and always in the same words.

The superstitious Solognots believe in a great and little magic: the latter amuses, and the former frightens them. By the practice of the little magic, they are enabled to inflict on their neighbours, or any persons they dislike, the punishment of clouds of gnats and grasshoppers, and all those insects which are destructive to the harvest; and abundance of rats and mice, so prejudicial to grain when housed, and to the broods of young turkeys, chickens, and geese, calves and lambs; they even attack the parents, and do not quit the place till they have been exorcised, or the time prescribed for their ravages has expired.

Does a young man wish to marry a girl who refuses his addresses, a conjuror will give him a charm to enable him to obtain the object of his desires. A drunkard, does he quit the public-house when he cannot drink any longer, and consequently is unable to find his way home, the devil drives him

* Sic in MS., but, we presume, a mistake.—Ed.

back to the public-house, where he remains till his friends come to look for him: he may then take his leave, because the devil's power is not every day the same—particularly over virgins: but if there should not be any in the family or in the country, the drunkard is forced to take up his lodging for ever at the public-house; the landlord of which, *par délicatesse*, makes him pay for six bottles of wine when he has only had half the quantity.

If we would have a good brood, care must be taken not to give the hen or other fowl eggs to sit on till after sunset, because then there is no danger to be apprehended from witches or from winds.

A north-west wind makes all the eggs clear; a high wind produces cocks, and a low wind hens. M. Legier asking one of his men how it was he had lost all his goslings, the labourer replied, that a sorcerer had bewitched them, and added, that he had *ocular demonstration* of the fact.

The following story, says M. Legier, was narrated to me with the utmost *sang-froid*, and records an event said to have happened so late as the year 1793. At this period, as the historians tell, the conjurors determined to kill all the women; and to effect this, had recourse to magic. In the first place, however, it was necessary to have two or three drops at least of a woman's milk: the conjurors went to Joubert-Pothier, to the house of a young nurse, since dead, demanding some of her milk, which she refused; but after promising to give her a loulou, she consented to satisfy them, if her husband, who was then from home, would allow her, telling them to "call again to-morrow." The husband being informed of the transaction, forbade his wife to comply with the sorcerers' wishes; but, seduced by the glittering metal, he "found out a way" to obtain the money. The cat belonging to the family being then in the act of suckling its young, he took four or five drops of its milk, enclosed it in a bottle, and sent his wife with it to the conjurors, who paid the money, and retired, unconscious of the cheat. They were followed, (it does not say by whom,) and were seen standing near the river Cosson, clothed in priests' garments, and beating the water with long poles; they next poured the cat's milk from the bottle, made a number of grimaces, and were seen to walk on the water. Immediately the sun grew pale, the earth trembled, and all the cats within twenty leagues fell a sacrifice to these conjurations.

When a ewe refuses to suckle her lamb, the Solognots give it the name of *effenne*, or step-mother.

The hawthorn is esteemed by the Solognot a preservative against thunder, for under cover of this tree, he has nothing to fear. The laurel (says M. Legier) was formerly considered to have this virtue.

In the commune of Ardon, not far from the farm of La Touche, there is a bog called the *Marais rond*, supposed to be bottomless: the Solognots add, that formerly a temple was built on its site, but that it was swallowed up in the abyss. A single slate floated for two days on the water, then in a boiling state. A dove had the courage to flit along the surface of the waters, to take this slate in its bill, and to transport it to the place where the church of Ardon is built, and which was made by order of the dove. Certain it is, that on the 15th of June, 1805, a peasant of Villiers had nearly perished by approaching too near this marsh with a cart drawn by three horses. The cart and horses disappeared, and the man

who drove them was saved with much difficulty.

So late as 1804, when a new-married couple came to receive the benediction of the priest; and it was discovered that a stranger, in the posture of a penitent, was under the *benitier*, (holy water-pot,) the assistants pretended that he meant to bewitch the bride and bridegroom; and the priest lending himself to this error, clothed in his ecclesiastical habits, very gravely pronounced excommunication against the stranger, and extended his maledictions to all the sorcerers and witches who had any intention of injuring the new-married pair.

These people also observe which of the two candles at the altar where mass is said is first consumed; and pretend by this to foretell the death of the bride or bridegroom. Wo be to him or her who is found near the fatal candle!

On returning from church, as soon as the fiddles are heard, the cook is specially ordered to place the handle of a broom, *manche à balai*, across the doorway; and if the bride walks over it, she is at once set down for a slut; but, on the contrary, if she picks it up, she is declared an excellent housewife.

Immediately after dinner and supper grace is said, and the most learned of the company chant the Magnificat and the Laudate. The assistants answer with the following verses:

Nous chanterons pour Marie,
Nous chanterons pour elle : (three)
Nous chanterons pour elle ce cantique nouveau.

"We will sing for Mary; we will sing for her; we will sing this new song for her."

A mayor of a village, who thinks himself a man of importance because he is the only one in his commune who knows how to write his name, told me one day, (says M. Legier,) very seriously, that he was extremely surprised that the diamond in the king's crown called *francois* was so much boasted of. Nothing, continued he, is more easy than to procure one, nay two, infinitely more beautiful. How? said I; to which he replied as follows. Every year, on the 13th of May, the adders, snakes, and blind-worms of Sologne, assemble together in a heap, and form a compact mass larger than a punchon. When they have thus met on the borders of a pond situated between Ardon and Joui, they commence operations, and begin to make a large diamond. Each of these animals emits a very brilliant liquor from under the tongue, and two of the cleverest workmen among them receive this liquor, which immediately congeals; they then work it about, and each animal passes over the diamond, polishes it by the friction of his body, and retires into the pond. The last of them throws the diamond into the water, where it remains till it is fished up by those who come to seek for it. The precaution of throwing it into the water is resorted to to prevent the jay from taking and carrying it to its nest, to diversify the colour of its wings; hence the reason why this bird has such beautiful wings. If we carefully search the ancient nests of the jays, we shall certainly find this diamond, for with it the first of these birds ornamented itself, and its posterity have inherited this splendid appearance. There is some foundation for this fable, observes M. Legier. I have myself seen a heap of snakes and adders together, at which I was not a little alarmed. I fired twice at them, and such as were wounded made a horrible hissing noise, and immediately left their companions.

We have already observed that the Solognots have a charm against thunder; but they have none against an animal which, they say, is not

uncommon in this country—it is of the snake kind, and is called the *sangle*. According to their belief, this animal, as soon as it sees you, throws itself on you, twists three or four times round your body, and compresses you with such strength, vigour, and celerity, that respiration is performed with difficulty, and suffocation eventually takes place.*

Baptising Cattle.—The cowkeeper, say the Solognots, who takes the cows to the meadows, must baptise the calf, the bull, or the heifer, which he adds to his herd. This ceremony is performed on the Good Friday following the birth of the calf. The man goes into the stable and strikes the calf three times with a stick, saying, "In future you shall name yourself — and I prohibit the wolf from eating you." To which the attendants answer, "No, no; the wolf shall not eat you." Then the baptised makes one of the herd.

They pretend, also, that the shepherd must not count his sheep on a Friday, or the wolf will eat them: hence the proverb, *qui compte ses moutons le Vendredi les décompte*—he who counts his sheep on a Friday miscounts them.

Marriage Custom.—A very singular custom exists in the country of the Manges, department of the Maine and Loire, and also in the commune of Jallais, three or four leagues from Laboude. The day after a wedding, in the morning, they take the best cart in the farm, and put to it all the oxen they can find. All the company who attended the wedding then go into a field of young cabbages; they then walk carefully over the ground, to discover the finest plant; and when this is found, one of the company opens a trench at a distance, and by degrees approaches the plant, but slowly, and with the appearance of great labour. When the earth round it is sufficiently cleared, each man tries, with pretended efforts of strength, to pull up the cabbage, but in vain. They are at length compelled to apply to the bridegroom, who, after a great deal of trouble, succeeds in the attempt. During all this time, "guips and cranks and wanton gibes," come like hail from all quarters, and inextinguishable laughter shakes "heaven's concave wide." But this is not all; the cabbage must be lifted from the ground, carried to the cart, and placed in it; and this is not effected without the assistance of levers, and the same appearance of trouble as if they were conveying a hundred thousand pounds weight. They keep calling out to the oxen all along the road, as if they had to drag a weight three times above their strength. Arrived at the farm, the same difficulties are experienced in taking the cabbage out of the cart and carrying it into the house when it is delivered up to the women to form an ingredient of the soup; and this operation they perform with as much bustle and apparent fatigue as possible.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—We are informed that Mr. Laurent's contract for the Italian Opera is provisional; but daily rehearsals of *Mar-*

* Borlase tells us, in his *Antiquities of Cornwall*, p. 137, that in most parts of Wales, and throughout all Scotland, and in Cornwall, we find it a common opinion of the vulgar, that about Midsummer-eve (though in the time they do not all agree) it is usual for snakes to meet in companies, and that, by joining heads together and hissing, a kind of bubble is formed, which the rest, by continual hissing, blow on it till it passes quite through the body, and then it immediately hardens, and resembles a glass ring, which, whoever finds (as some old women and children are persuaded) shall prosper in all his undertakings. The rings thus generated are called *glassees*—*snail-rocks*—in English snake-stones. Quoted in *Brand's Popular Antiquities*, by Ellis, vol. 1. p. 287, note.

garet of Anjou are taking place at the theatre, under the auspices of "the assignees." Should Mr. L., as is probable, become definitively the lessee, he proposes to open with *Semiramide*, supported by Pasta and Sontag, the latter of whom would, alone, secure prodigious success. Caradori has returned from Italy.

DRURY LANE.

On Monday, December 17th, 1827, about thirteen minutes past seven in the evening, a dramatic comet, which has long been mistaken for a tragic star of the first magnitude in America, became visible to the naked eye in the beautiful constellation *Macbeth*, after a long absence from our system. It reached its perihelion (Drury Lane) with the swiftness peculiar to such eccentric bodies, and is now slowly returning towards its aphelion (New York). According to the opinions of our best theatrical astronomers, this is likely to be its last visit to our hemisphere. Seriously, Mr. Cooper's performance of *Macbeth*, on Monday evening, was, we are sorry to say, unredeemed by the slightest ray of genius, and remarkable only for the curious analogy between several of the incidental speeches and the existing feelings of the actor and audience. One, in particular, was exceedingly appropriate. Immediately following a roar of laughter, excited by the extraordinary way in which Mr. Cooper trotted into the chamber of the murdered Duncan, he had to say,

"Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time. For from this moment
There's nothing serious in mortality;
All is but toys—renown and grace are dead."

In order, we suppose, to keep Mr. Cooper in countenance, a gentleman of the name of Wakefield was selected to sustain the part of *Lennox*, and, trifling as it is, he certainly contrived to render it remarkably ridiculous. Mrs. Bunn's *Lady Macbeth* was quite a relief; she played the part exceedingly well—and looked it admirably. Mr. Wallack and Mr. Cooper, jun. were spirited and sensible representatives of *Macduff* and *Banquo*. The musical portion of the performance was also well executed. Young Bland, in particular, sang with great taste: there is much modest merit about this gentleman. The curtain fell amidst a torrent of indignation, poured forth, not against Mr. Cooper, who was merely laughed at, but against those who, having had frequent opportunities of seeing him act in America, must, or at least ought to have been aware of his incapacity to please a London audience, and should, in kindness to a respectable man, have spared him and us so mortifying an exhibition. Notwithstanding all this, however, the new actor's name remained undiminished the next day for *Othello*; but on Wednesday we were informed that Mr. Wallack was indisposed, and that due notice would be given of Mr. Cooper's next appearance. These are really very stale and very silly tricks. Why not at once withdraw the name and drop the subject? It would be more respectful to the public, and more honourable to the management.

"Bring down ghosts, and sweep away your mistress."

COVENT GARDEN.

MADAME SALLA made her first appearance on any stage at this theatre yesterday week, as the Countess, in the *Marriage of Figaro*. This lady is a Brazilian by birth, but has been long known in the musical circles of this country. She has lately taken lessons of Veluti. Her voice is a mezzo soprano, of more sweetness than

power, and therefore calculated to please rather than astonish—precisely the reverse of that of the rival Madame at Drury Lane. She suffered considerably from stage fright, and, curiously enough, her alarm appeared to increase with the encouragement she received. She executed the beautiful air, "Voi che sapete," with great feeling and delicacy. It was encored, as was also her duo with Madame Vestris, "How gently" (the exquisite "Sul' aria"). In repeating the latter, however, her trepidation became so excessive, that she cut several bars; and it was evidently not without difficulty that the orchestra, Madame Vestris, and herself, got together again. Her second song, to the air "Dove Sono," was not so effective; but under all the circumstances of the case, we must hear her again before we can venture to form an opinion as to her future value. Madame Vestris was the *Susanna*, and looked as lovely as Beaumarchais himself could have imagined or desired. A circumstance, however, occurred which disturbed her serenity, and made her contract her beautiful eyebrows in a style that we fear must have seriously alarmed the two front rows of the pit. It was announced in the bills of the evening, that Madame Vestris would introduce the two songs, "Oh, what can a poor maiden do?" and "I've been roaming." The first being in the first scene, and not quite so well known, passed off with tolerable applause, amidst the opening and shutting of box-doors—the falling of benches, and the cries of "First Party," "Mr. Jenkins's places," &c.; but no sooner did the symphony commence of the eternal "I've been roaming," when a hissing obligato accompaniment became portentously audible. The lady stopped, smiled, courtesied; the audience applauded. The symphony recommenced, and so did the hissing. The lady stopped again—waved her white hand indignantly to the leader, and tripped off the stage. The audience, in their first astonishment, could not exactly make up their minds whether they should laugh, hiss, or applaud. With great wisdom, however, they decided on doing all three, and the consequence was, that Madame Chatterley (as her mother is a Frenchwoman, we think she has as much right as any body else to be called Madame) looked about her—shook her black ringlets—ran to the wing—and returned in a moment with the offended deity. The orchestra struck up for the third time—the song was sung. The public, like the Sublime Porte, hardly knew whether to be civil or sulky; made, as we hope the Grand Signor will do, the best of a bad business; and the opera proceeded. The newspapers next morning were loud in condemnation of the lady. Her retiring from the stage was a grievous offence—she had received a lesson respecting introductions, which they hoped she would not forget, &c. &c. Now as to her retiring from the stage, there happens to be a stage direction for her so to do after singing the song, and as the public did not seem inclined to hear the song, of course she had only to make her exit: so that, though it did look a little suspicious in that particular point, the pretty passion flower was not to blame. With regard to the sin of introductions, we perfectly agree with our angry brethren; it is a crying one, and we most sincerely hope that both managers and singers will have policy enough to abolish it of their own accords, to prevent the unpleasant interference of the public. But in the particular instance before us there is still an excuse for Madame Vestris, which in fairness to that lady we will venture to make. There are no songs for

Susanna in the English version of the *Marriage of Figaro*. All the *Susannas* of Covent Garden or Drury Lane Theatre have, since the existence of the piece, introduced their own favourite airs. Some have sung "Bid me discourse;" others, "Follow, follow, over mountain;" and, setting aside the staleness of the song, there was as little impropriety in "I've been roaming" as in any of the others. Again, as to the insult offered to Mozart. Let us be consistent; the *Marriage of Figaro*, as it is performed on our stage, is, we are sorry to say, but very little indebted to that splendid composer. The admirable quarrelling duet between *Susanna* and *Barbarina*, is superseded by a trifling, commonplace composition. *Susanna's* sweet song in the garden scene, while waiting for the Count, is omitted; and the Venetian air, "O Pescatore," was till very lately introduced as a duet between the Countess and *Susanna*, in the first scene of the third act. All this, we repeat, is wrong, and calls for reformation; but we do not see why Madame Vestris is to be the first sufferer, particularly as we very much suspect that had it been any less hackneyed song, the public would have been as quiet as lambs, and Mozart and good taste must have pocketed the affront in silence. All we blame the little lady for is, that she should have felt annoyed at the circumstance, when her own good sense might have told her that the disapprobation was not levelled at her; and if the audience did not choose to hear the song, it could be no possible gratification to her to sing it. But before we dismiss the subject, we have a few words to say on a practice that has lately crept into the musical world, and to which may be traced much of the evil by which we, in common with all our critical contemporaries, are so grievously annoyed. It is a well known fact, that large sums have been offered by musical publishers to the most popular singers, as bribes, for their introducing upon every possible occasion such and such particular songs. "We name no parties," as Sir Giles Overreach says; but we hold up the fact to the indignation of the public, who, at large, knows nothing of the matter. We are aware of an instance in which a celebrated vocalist absolutely avoided the singing of a particular song, because the demand of £20 was resisted by the respectable house that published it. The publishers themselves have introduced this practice, and the performers have not been able to resist the temptation. But mark the issue of it:—the singer who has been thus propitiated, not contented with dosing the town at concerts or in private parties with the designated composition, drags it by the head and shoulders into every Opera, Scotch, Italian, French, or German, without the least regard to character or situation, omitting the original music of the piece, which hundreds have come to hear; and the same thing being done in the same operas by three or four more of the company, renders them, as a judicious contemporary lately remarked, all alike, with the exception of the title—to the great annoyance of the public—the destruction of the Drama—and the serious loss of the proprietors. On the other hand, whatever hit a song may make on the stage or in a concert, unless the expected *douleur* accompanies the presentation copy, it is soon left out or laid aside, and a ballad with a bank note at the back of it eagerly substituted. The only checks to this growing evil exist in the firm-

* Since writing the above, we perceive that the *Marriage of Figaro* is taken out of the bill, "in consequence of the indisposition of a principal performer." We are sorry that so pretty and pleasant an actress should be so "indisposed;" so comply with the wishes of her best friend—the public.

new of the managers and the feeling of the public, mightily expressed in the theatre: and situated as all managers unfortunately are at present, it is, we fear, only from the latter that we can hope for redress.

Mr. Keen played *Shylock* on Monday evening, for the first time since his severe indisposition. The house was crowded to the ceiling, and scarcely any traces of illness were observable in the actor, whose performance was quite equal to any of his earlier efforts.

DRAMATIC NEWS.—A volley of theatrical paragraphs, containing more or less truth, as it might happen, has been fired this week by a morning paper, and consequently run the round of the journals. Though in possession, perhaps, of quite as much and as early information on these points as any of our contemporaries, we think it unfair to the theatres, in these racing days, to prate of their whereabouts. Deprecating and despising, as we do, the anticipating system, we shall conscientiously abstain from publishing the slightest intelligence that might affect the legitimate interests of either; at the same time that we shall most unceremoniously expose every species of humbug, the instant it falls under our observation. Our readers may not have their curiosity awakened by imperfect or unfounded reports; but they may be pretty certain of hearing the truth when we do speak on such matters,—and we hope that will content them.

Mr. Liston, while playing *Billy Lackaday*, in the country, fell beside the chair placed to receive him, and seriously hurt his hip. He was better when we last heard of him, but not sufficiently recovered to return to town.

His Grace the Lord Chamberlain visited the *English Opera House* a few days ago, in order to inspect the alterations making by Mr. Beazeley, in the audience part of the theatre, preparatory to its opening for the representation of French Plays, under the new license, in January. His Grace expressed his perfect approbation of all the arrangements.—The applications for boxes are numerous, and from the highest quarters.

The most remarkable circumstance attending the Christmas pantomimes this year is, that Mr. Kemble and Mr. Price have exchanged pantomimes.

VARIETIES.

Carlton House.—The workmen are at length employed in taking down the noble portico of Carlton House. The ten columns, so much coveted, must therefore soon be assigned either for the Fountain, the Monument to the Duke of York, or some other public erection.

Miss Helen Maria Williams.—The French journals announce the death of this well-known authoress. She had resided in Paris since 1790.

Ornithology at Cambridge.—A meeting of the Cambridge Philosophical Society was held on Monday evening—the Very Rev. the Dean of Ely, vice-president, in the chair. Dr. F. Thackeray presented to the society a specimen of the sword of the sword-fish, and read some observations on its habits and on its probable organs of smell. Afterwards the Rev. L. Jenyns communicated a paper describing certain monstrosities of the teeth of some animals, and particularly of a rabbit and a rook, now in the collection of the society.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

Mr. Salt.—Henry Salt, Esq. late British Consul-general in Egypt, died at a village between Cairo and Alexandria on the 30th of

October. His exertions in behalf of literature and science were zealous and constant; and many of the precious remains of antiquity which our museums and collections are enriched, have been rescued from oblivion by him.

New Figure.—The *John Bull* of last Sunday, speaking of Madame Sala, says, "her figure, although on box point, was well arranged!" What sort of a figure is this?

George Canning.—We noticed some time ago a classical and fine-looking profile of this great statesman in coloured embossed paper, by Mr. Wedgewood. The same artist has now produced a similar likeness, but on a larger scale, and with increased effect. The forms of the forehead, the eye, and mouth, please us remarkably; and the whole is a melancholy remembrance of departed genius.

Cards and Counters.—Mr. Creswick, card maker, has just issued a pack of playing cards, in which the court figures are refined into better likenesses of humanity than in the accustomed pictures which have existed from the time of Henry VIII. We are not sure, however, that this is an improvement which can become general; for though the cards are more beautiful and elegant, their parts do not catch the eye so distinctly as the coarser and broader masses of the others, so as to shew at a glance—the fold of a skirt, or the top of a head-dress—who and what the figure and suit are, king, queen, knave—heart, diamond, club, spade. Where only a small number of cards are required for the hand, Mr. Creswick's have certainly a great superiority; but for whist, where thirteen are held, we prefer the old ones. The counters are by Mr. Westwood, and made of embossed paper. They are extremely pretty, as convenient as ivory or pearl, and infinitely cheaper. We recommend them to trial, as the round games of Christmas offer so good an opportunity.

Education.—The only school in Malacca at present which is likely to benefit the Malays, is supported by government. It is on a small scale,—the boys are twelve in number; and, from its recent establishment, cannot be expected to have acquired any character. The master seems well disposed, and the number of scholars likely to increase. Every attempt to establish a female Malay school has hitherto failed.—*Malacca Observer*, March 1827.

Horberg.—This celebrated Swedish artist was the son of a private soldier. At nine years of age he gained his living by tending sheep; but even at that age his taste for painting manifested itself in a remarkable manner. The vignettes which he had seen in old catechisms and almanacks were his earliest models. He imitated them from memory on the bark of birch-trees. He also carved in wood all kinds of little figures, and ornamented his father's cottage with them. The only colours he possessed were ochre, chalk, and water, in which he steeped various earths. By degrees, however, he improved these coarse materials, so as to form from them a very tolerable set of crayons. If, fortunately, he obtained a sheet of paper, he attempted to colour his designs with the juice of wild plants. In the forests and in the fields, he sketched with charcoal on the trunks of great trees. At fourteen, he endeavoured to obtain employment with a painter at Wexio, but his parents requiring his assistance, he was obliged to return, and resume the crook. The care of his flock did not prevent him from re-engaging in his old amusements; but one day, being too far advanced in the woods, a wolf devoured some of his sheep; and not daring to re-appear before his master, he fled. After

numerous obstacles, in 1763 he became the pupil of a painter at Gottenburg. Five years afterwards he began to be regularly occupied, married, and lived very comfortably. It was not until 1783 that he conceived the design, in the execution of which he was assisted by some warm friends, of improving himself in his art at the Royal Academy at Stockholm. There, for the first time, he studied the great masters, and obtained several medals for his performances. In the exhibitions, his pictures were preferred to all others, his reputation rapidly increased, and orders poured upon him too thickly for execution. In 1790, he went and established himself at Olstorp, where he finished most of his church-pictures. In 1797, he was elected a member of the Academy, and appointed painter to the king. He died in 1816, aged 70; leaving behind him a great many pictures, chiefly of scriptural subjects, and innumerable designs. In private life, Horberg was the best of men. He was distinguished by good humour and sociability.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Alaric Watts announces the long-delayed edition (the fourth) of his *Poetical Sketches* for publication in a few days. It will be illustrated by three line engravings, from the harp of Messrs. Heath and Flinden, after original designs by Stothard and Nesfield.

Preparing, a new edition (the seventh) of an Arrangement of British Plants. By W. Withering, Esq.

A work, entitled *Celtic Manners*, by James Logan, F.S.A.E., is announced by subscription.

Mr. Joseph Hilpert, of Heidelberg, is engaged in the preparation of a most elaborate Dictionary (in four volumes quarto) of the English and German languages. We have had an opportunity of seeing some of the proofs, and are sure it will be a great accession to the student, since it not only gives the meaning, but traces the etymology of all the words, and follows them through all their ramifications. The editor has been assisted by Voss, the translator of Shakespeare, by Merian, the author of the *Tripartite*, and others. A good German and English dictionary has long been a desideratum.

In the Press.—*Longinus, a Tragedy*, in five acts. Also, the Funeral of the Right Hon. George Canning; Lines to the Memory of Sir J. C. Hippisley; and other Poems. By Jacob Jones, Esq.—A lecture lately delivered at the Sunderland Infirmary, by Dr. Clancy, on the Proximate Cause and Certain Method of Cure of Typhus Fever.—A Translation of the Life of Jean Bart, the famous French captain. By the Rev. Edward Mangin, of Bath.—A second edition of the *Revolt of the Bees*, with a new Preface.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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December.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 13	From 33. to 45.	29.42 to 29.64
Friday... 14	34. — 50.	29.54 — 29.45
Saturday... 15	36. — 53.	29.66 — 29.68
Sunday... 16	42. — 41.	29.59 — 29.91
Monday... 17	43. — 47.	30.12 — 30.00
Tuesday... 18	43. — 53.	29.70 — 29.66
Wednesday 19	48. — 54.	29.56 — 29.52

Wind prevailing S.W.

Except the 13th and 16th, generally cloudy, with heavy showers of rain.

Rain fallen, 1.725 of an inch. 1820 6.790 6.747

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 33" N.
Longitude..... 0 3 51' W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * * We purpose next Saturday to acquit ourselves of some of our arrears in every department of the *Literary Gazette*, by giving an additional sheet to subscribers, with title-page, index, &c. &c.

ERRATUM.—In the dramatic criticism last week, page 812, last column, 15th line from the bottom, there ought only to be a comma after the word "things," and the sentence read thus:—"If managers ever acknowledge such things, we suppose, &c."

W. L. B. is (we believe) only postponed for opportunity, should it be found. C. will hardly admit admission. The number of novels which continue to be published, obliges us to treat these works with more brevity than we would otherwise have done; but we cannot fill our entire Review with criticism on fictions and light reading.

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